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HONCHO
THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE
JULY 1978
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SPECIAL ISSUE:
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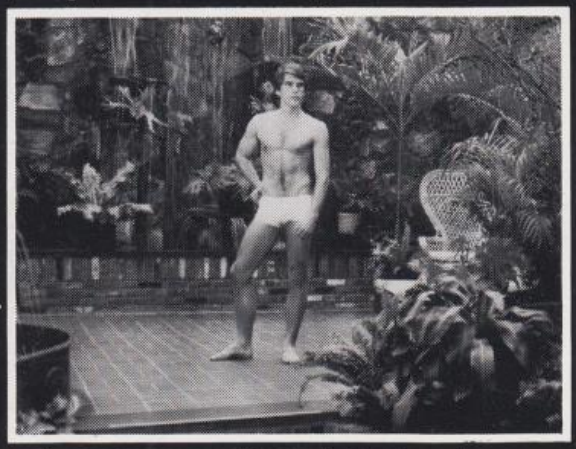

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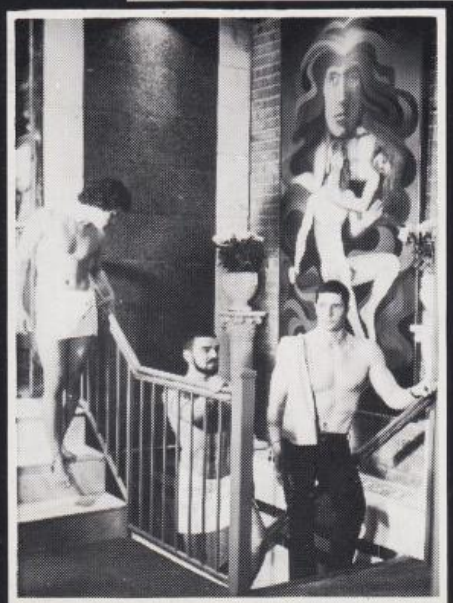

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HONCHO

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COVER

If one symbol suggests all athletic activity—from football through hockey to tennis—it's the sensually stretching jockstrap that helps the athlete keep his act together. What cover could be more fitting—more form-fitting—for a special issue on athletes? Photo by Guy Corry.

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EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL

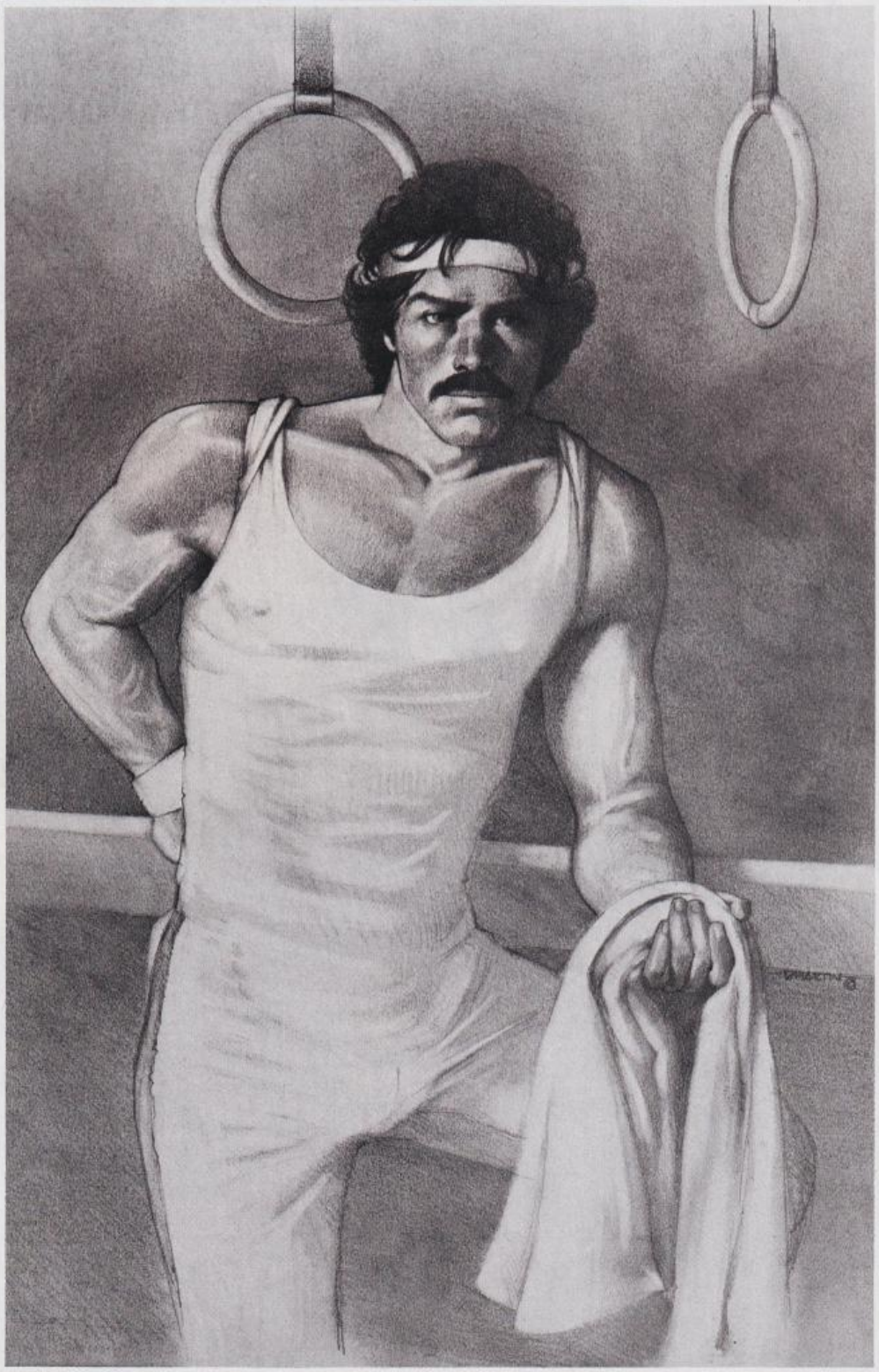
Arthur Tress

Exploring honcho potential, in the world of sports, one discovers ardent competitors who strive for physical excellence in one form or another; they sweat, grunt and strain for that ultimate prize, the result of extreme dedication to a solitary, unwavering goal: winning. As the fantasy photo at right suggests, perhaps only then does the victor relax and contemplate his hard-won trophy, the satisying spoils for which he labored so long and hard. The honcho award.

There's an international flavor to our jock features, beginning with Arnold Schwartzenegger, below, the "Austrian Oak" who has copped virtually every bodybuilding title imaginable. Along with him we have a pictorial on another iron-pumper, Alexei Korshakovska, lensed exclusively for us in his native Soviet Union and also a spread on the current Mr. U.S.A., Manuel Perry, seen nude for the first time in these pages, another *Honcho* exclusive.

Artist David Martin sketched the two humpy athletes on the next page, a well-muscled gymnast and a boxer resting between rounds. The world of boxing is further explored in a feature on two Puerto Rican boxers who

Don Hanover

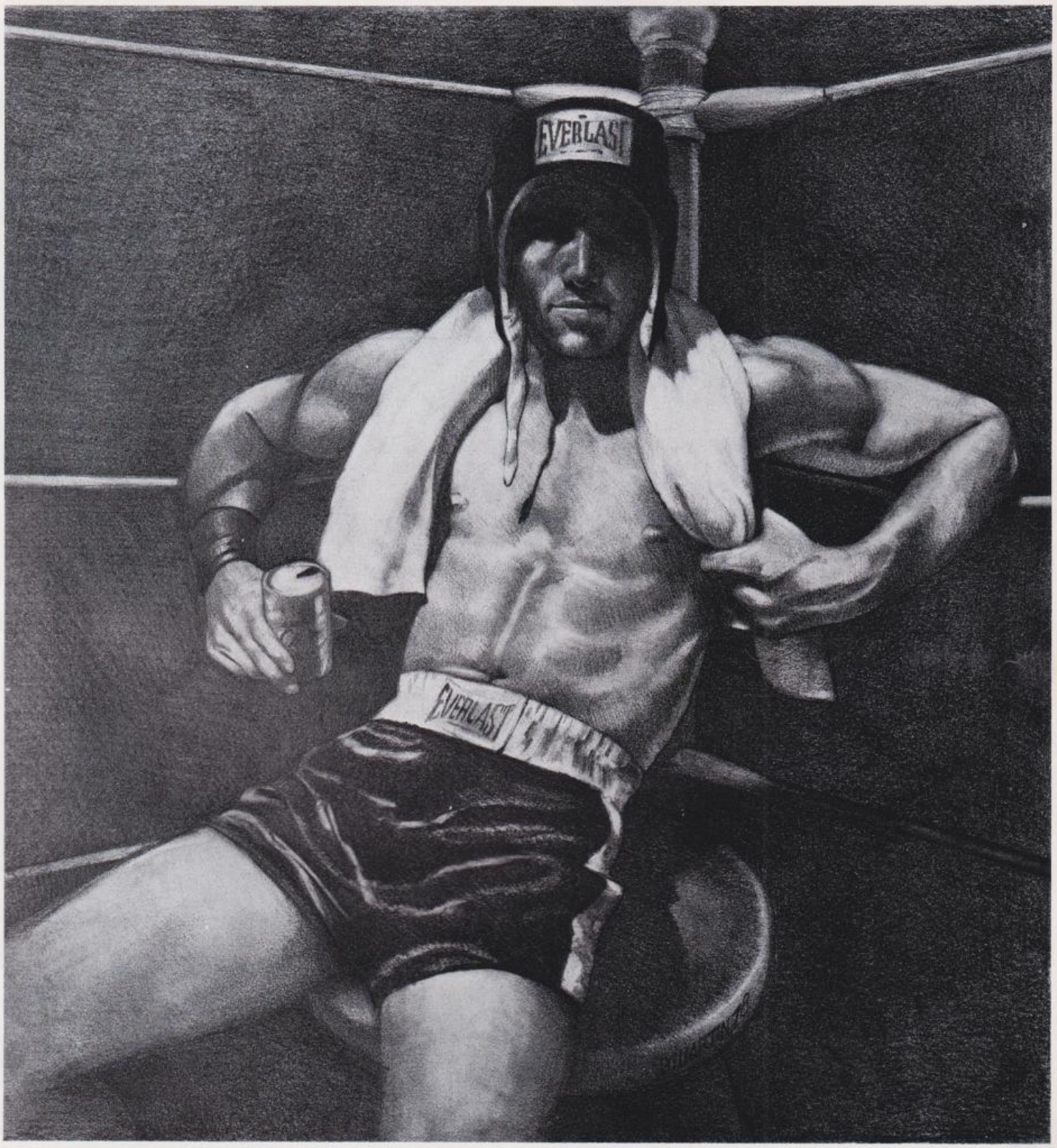


punch and jab in an effort to become a real-life Rocky or new world heavyweight champion, Leon Spinks, a golden boy if there ever was one. Theirs is a world of literal hard knocks in what is probably the most brutal sport existent. Another violent sport is hockey, something we peruse in a feature called "Contact!" in which two young jocks grapple and grope with a frenzy that puts new meaning to the term "contact sports." Definitely hot stuff.

English daredevil Eddie Kidd receives well-deserved coverage in this issue. He recently surpassed the record of his former idol Evel Kneivel by jumping over an unprecedented number of buses with his trusty motorcycle. Also from Britain is a Scottish cowboy named Thomas MacDougal who sets aside his gym bag and much of his clothing to show you a natural musculature that comes from horsing around those blasted heaths. We take the very real world of sports a step further in a sort of fantasy pictorial on young jocks having a very special sort of hand-to-hand (or whatever) encounter in a locker room. It's the stuff dreams are indeed made of.

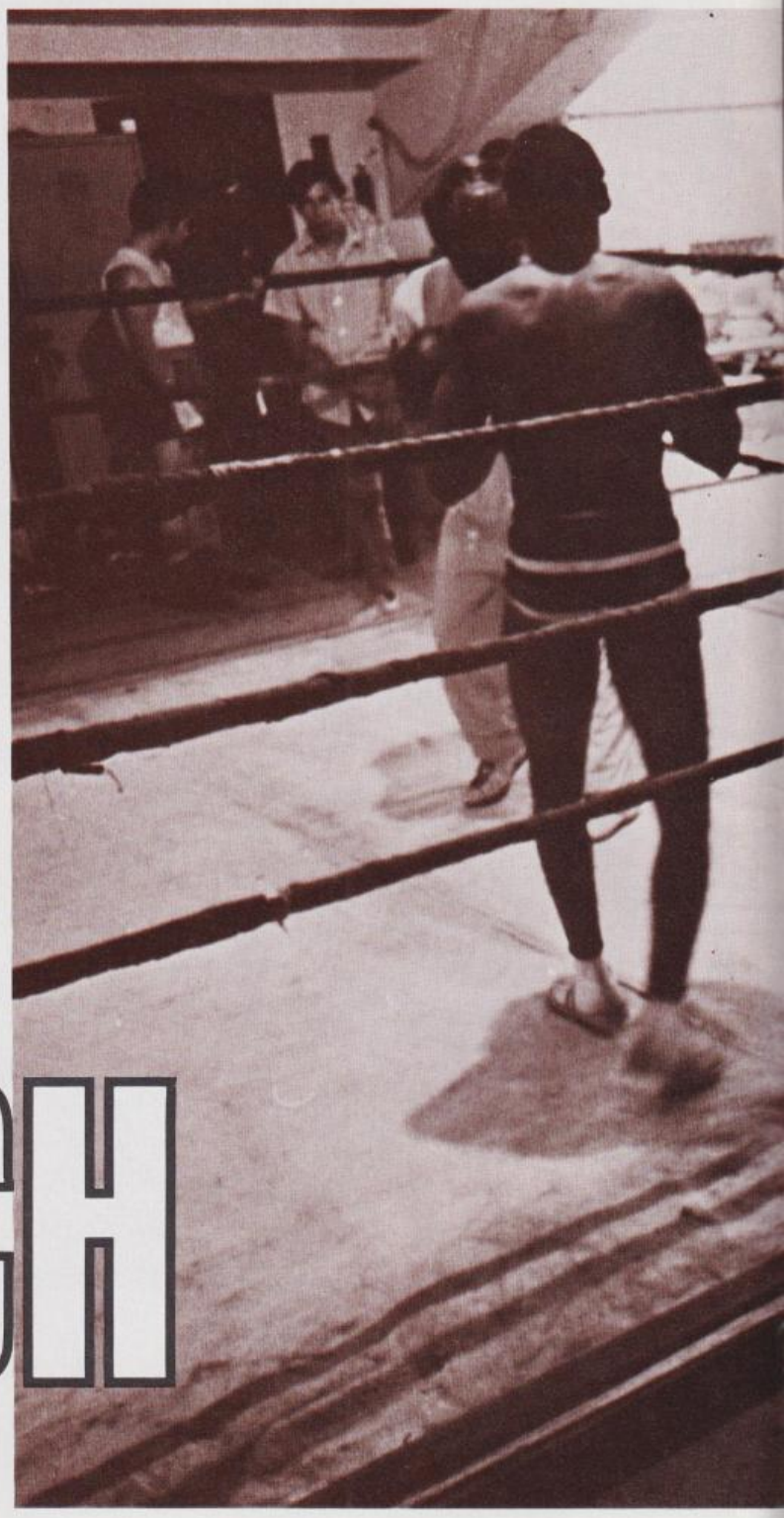
Honcho salutes jocks and the men who fill them, the winners and the losers, the men of unique dedication and perserverance who are not content to leave their bodies as nature made them, who struggle long and hard to be something more, something different, something to flaunt with great pride. This is yet another facet of the honcho man; the honcho man knows no limits, stereotypes or boundaries. He's just his own man.

Illustrations: David Martin

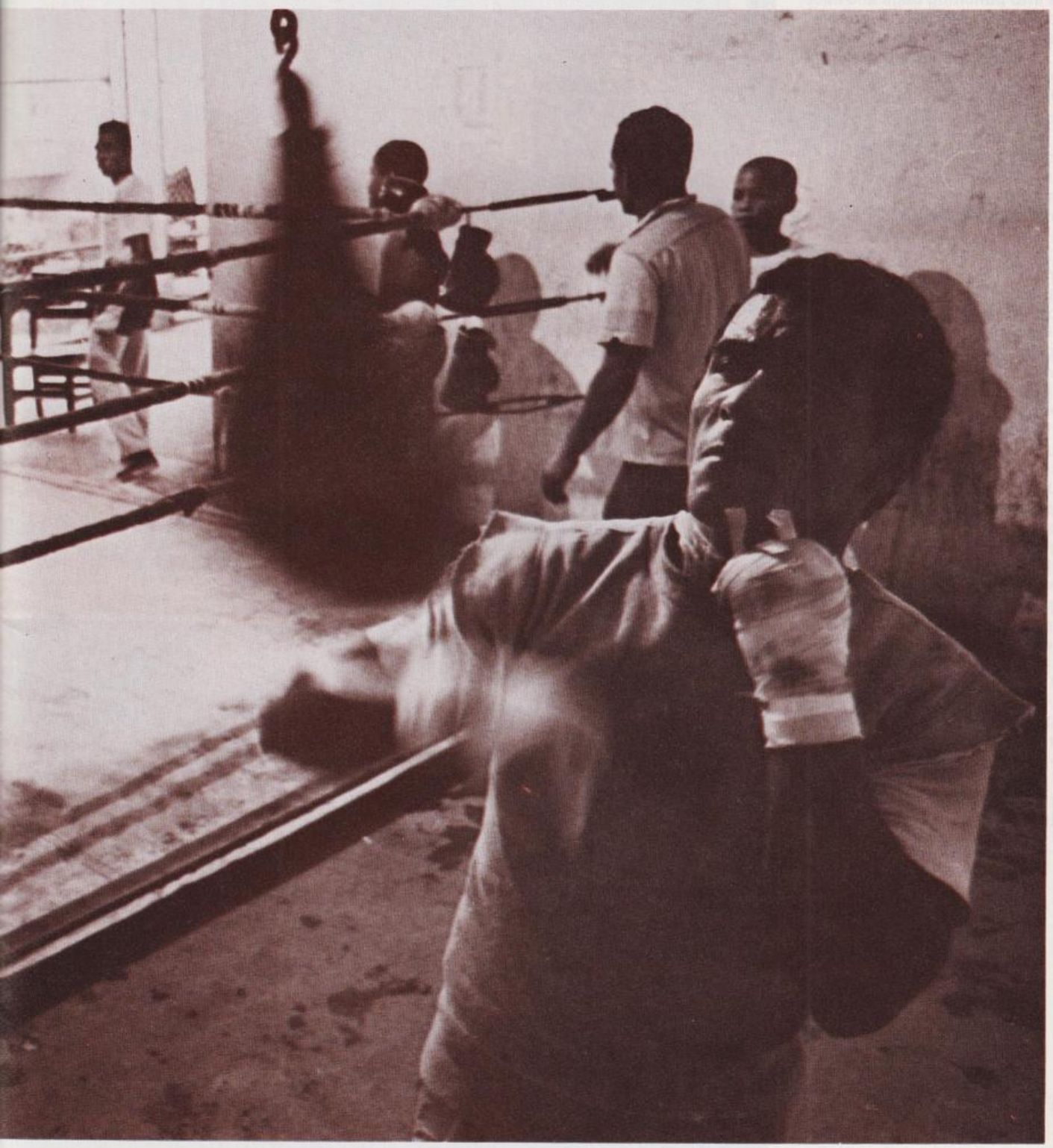

EVERLAST
EVERLAST

Who can forget the sweat-streaked Sylvester Stallone at the film *Rocky*'s dramatic climax when he finally succeeds in "going the distance" with the world champion? And who was unmoved by the jubilant expression on the face of long-shot challenger Leon Spinks who toppled Muhammed Ali from his long-held throne? There's something very special about the world of boxing, the sport that takes a gruelling toll on its participants, men who are often bloodied and battered mercilessly.

THE JOCK WATCH

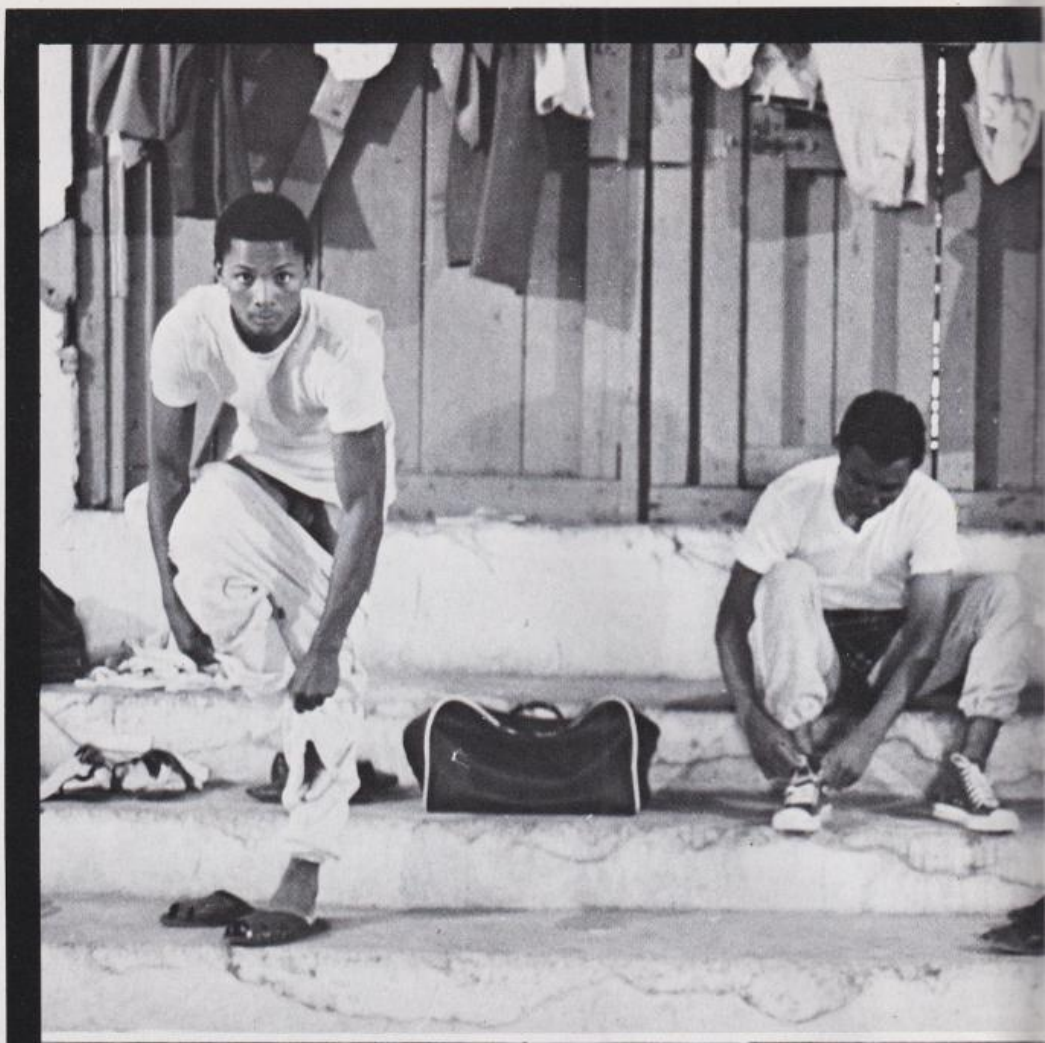


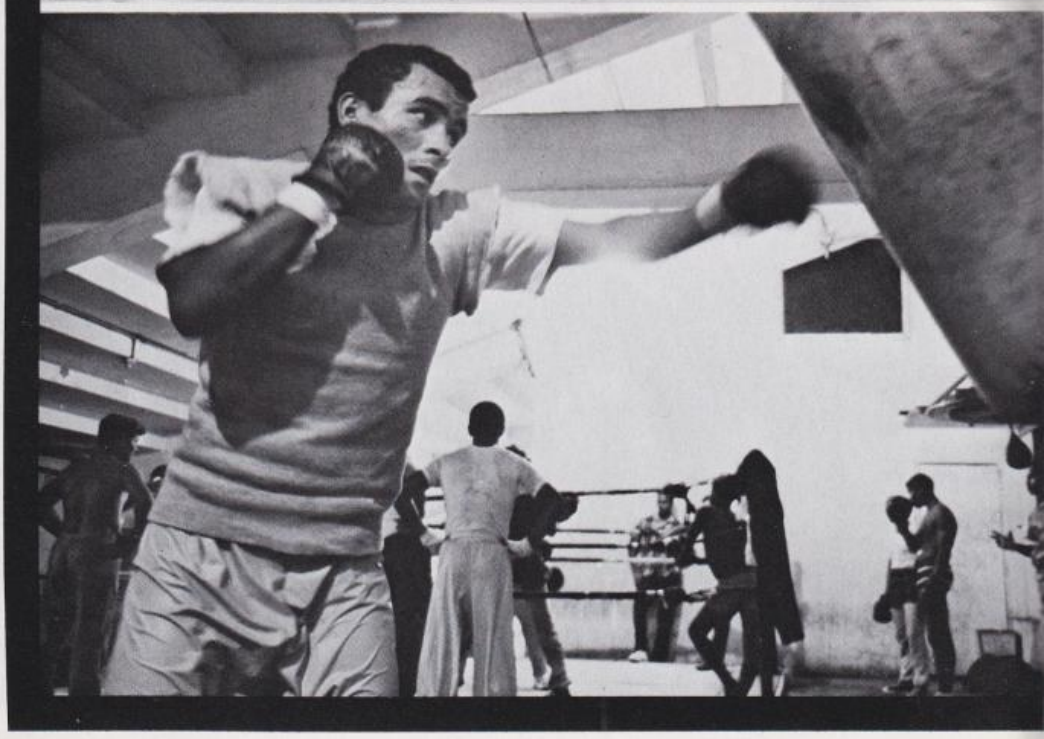
Photographed in Puerto Rico by Jurgen Vollmer exclusively for *Honcho*



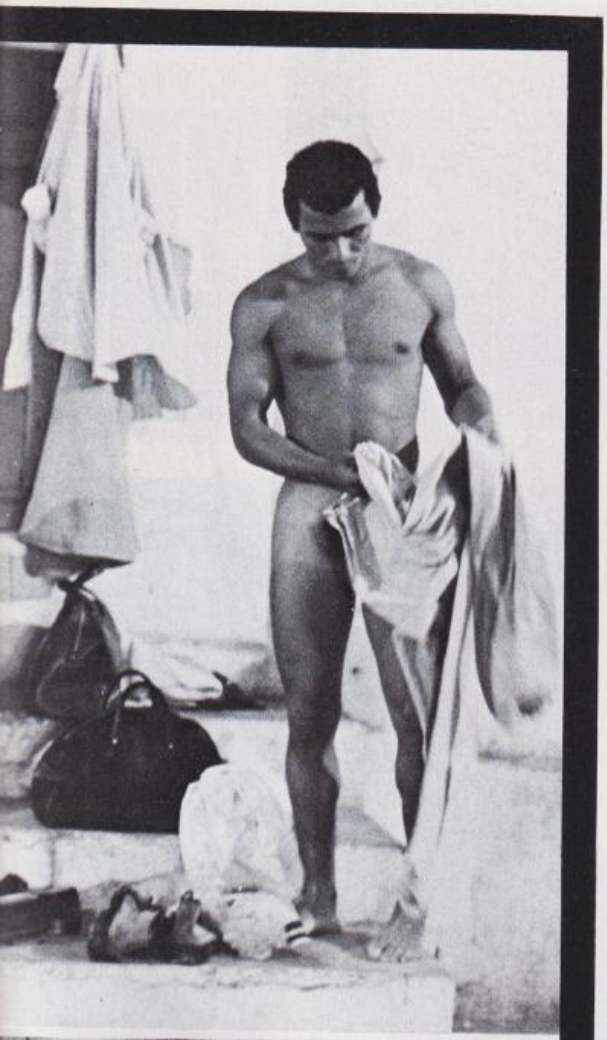
This pictorial on two Puerto Rican hopefuls, Juan and Carlos, shows *Rocky*-like behind-the-scenes views of what goes on in the making of a champion. These two Latin studs undergo grueling daily work-outs in a San Juan gym, smashing their fists into punching bags and each other as they relentlessly pursue the elusive goal of being *numero uno*. The determined expression on Carlos' grimacing face brutally unmasks his iron will to find victory. As with many young men like him, he has one solid dream: the championship. And maybe, after years of superhuman effort, he or Juan will know that exhilarating thrill of victory, that moment in the ring when hardships are forgotten and gloved fists are raised in elated triumph.

Latin men are famed for their macho approach to life, underscoring their masculinity with exaggerated swagger and aplomb. Juan and Carlos take that natural male arrogance a step further in developing their physiques to a point much greater than mother nature intended. The constant pounding of fist against flesh and leather gives their biceps powerful muscles strong enough to kill with a well-calculated blow. The massive thighs on these two are the result of working out with weights, strengthening their calves and thighs so they can, as Muhammed Ali said, "dance like a butterfly." Here we see our boxers stripping to the buff before donning jock straps and padded cups to protect the more sensitive parts of their anatomy. And what happens after that arduous workout? It's hit the showers, of course, and as you'll see on the following pages, Carlos and Juan have their own special style when it comes to that.



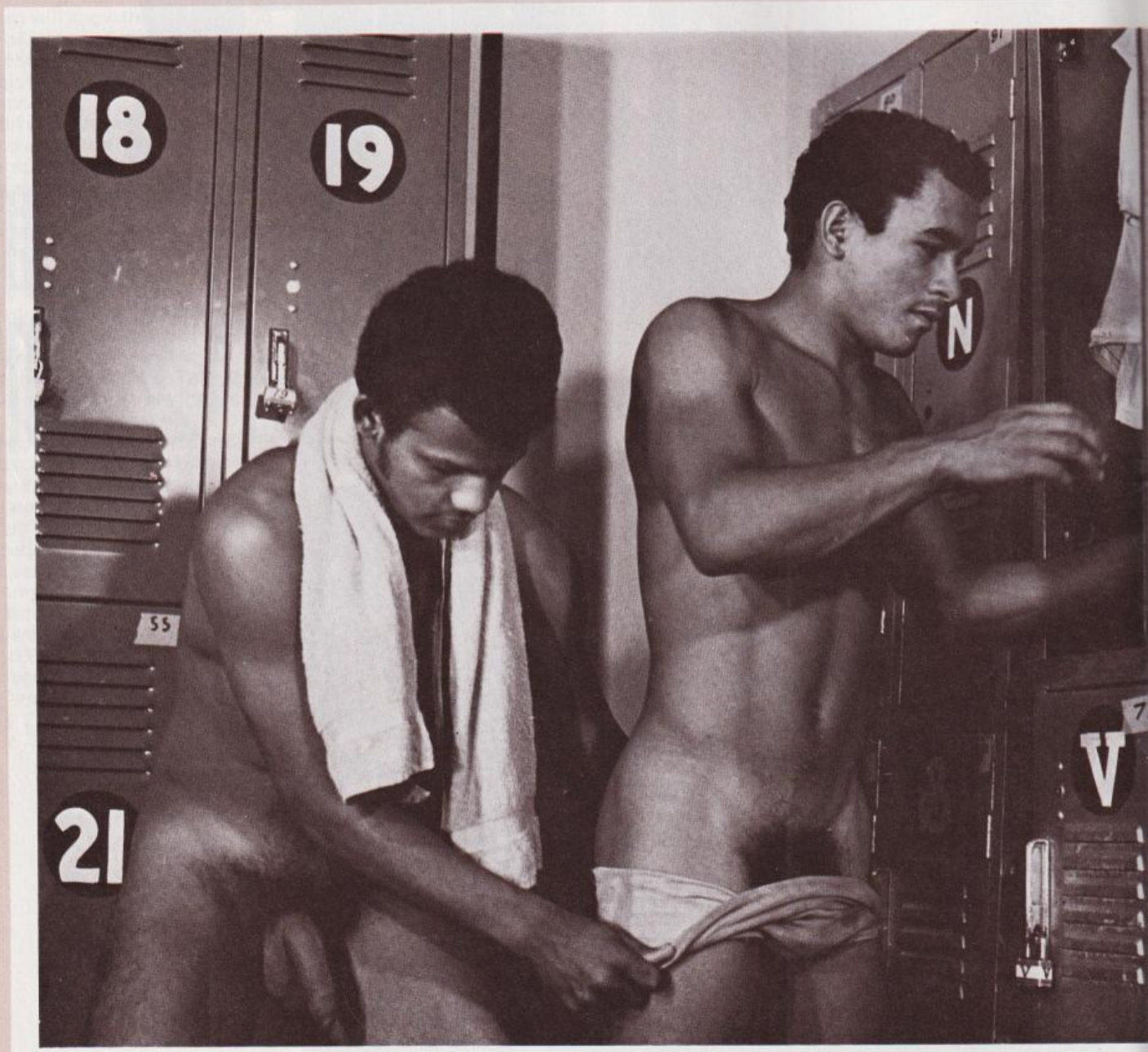


Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer



THE JOCK WATCH

THE JOCK



WATCH

Their years as sparring partners have given Carlos and Juan a unique sort of comraderie, a closeness two men can attain only after such a physically intimate relationship. The two know each other like a book, mentally, spiritually and physically. They share a great deal with each other in the world of boxing brotherhood, and what would seem more natural for Juan to help his buddy out in more ways than one? Shown here, sweaty and tired, bodies aching for a hot shower, they stand quietly before each other, unashamedly naked, unquestionably assured of their masculinity and honcho self-confidence. Carlos does not recoil from the touch of his friend's hands as Juan slides away his briefs. It is merely a gesture of caring, a baring of more than souls as they share a laugh, a happy moment when no one else is allowed to intrude upon their privacy. They are alone with each other and their dreams, another kind of sharing that shuts away any outsider who doesn't belong in the 100% male milieu. Our guys are *mucho* macho, boldly strutting their considerable stuff and proud of it. Who wouldn't be?

Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer

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BOOKS

By Lewis Michaels

THE REVOLT OF THE PERVERTS.
By Daniel Curzon.
213 pages. Leland Mellot Books.
Paper. $3.50.

In what is a delightful, titillating, frightening and thought-provoking work, author Daniel Curzon has assembled a collection of short stories which examine the myriad, convoluted aspects of today's sexuality. As the title suggests, his characters are embued with sexual desires and appetites that depart radically from the so-called "norm." While the leering gargolye on the book's cover brandishes a shield bearing the Lambda symbol for gay liberation, the writer does not limit his tales to dealings with homosexuality. He touches on gay life throughout, but is concerned as well with those whose sexual odysseys voyage them through a world where homo/hetero/bi/omni/asexualities are the constantly shifting rule.

Curzon's knowledge of gay life is imposing as he explores the joy and sadness, fear and triumph that is so familiar to people who inhabit that subculture of twilight sensuality. He serves up a provocative protrait of cruising "In a Fresno Bar," in which his protagonist goes through the motions of acquiring a sex partner in that ancient ritual ringing true with deafening clarity to anyone who has ever experienced the challenge of The Hunt. A spendid juxtaposition of gays against straights is "Let's Make Babies, Darling." Here is a newlywed straight couple enjoying the plastic thrills of a Poconos-type honeymoon retreat contrasted with the tribulations of two gay men trying to get married. The reader will be both intrigued and repelled by the Hieronymous Bosch/Dantean setting.

Other facets of homosexuality are revealed as Curzon writes of a gay man trying to confess his sexual preferences to his elderly mother, a woman who stuns her son with some interesting admissions of her own before he can tell her the truth. In "Mr. Right," there is an amusing parody of Zeus kidnapping his beloved Ganymede which unveils some brutal hypocrisies in the gay milieu. "Child Molester" is a hilarious spoof in which

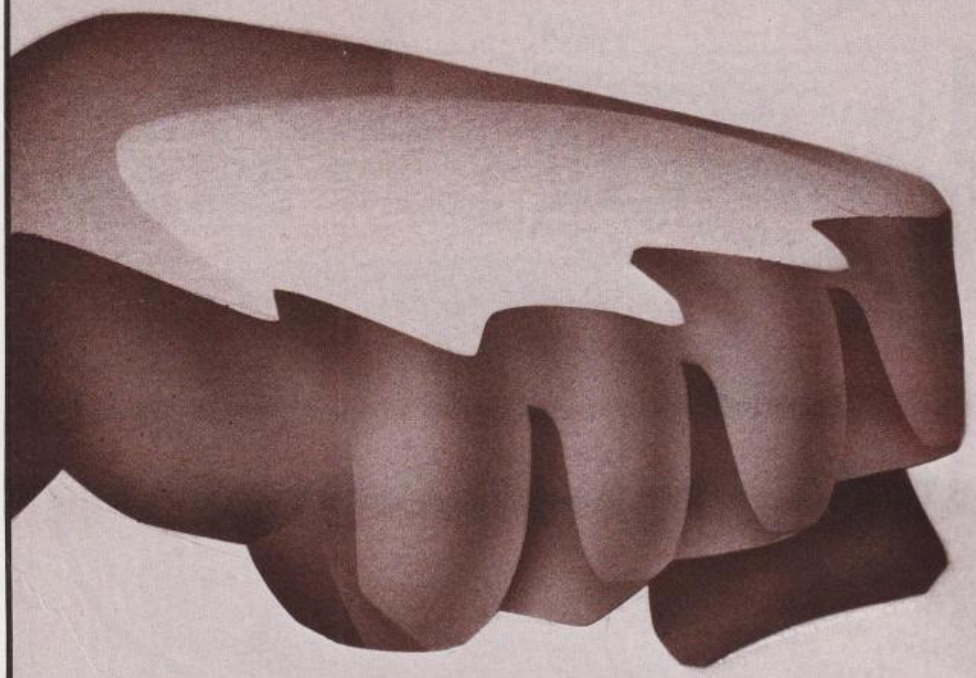
Continued to page 60

"My whole life long I've never been bothered by homosexuality. I'm never annoyed by it, because in body-building a lot of homosexuals come into the gym and the shower room, and they're in the competitions. If they tell you they love your body, that's fine. If they are homosexuals, of course they love my body! If I were Sophia Loren, a heterosexual would love my body. I mean, what can I say? There's a certain feeling I've always had about freedom of everything. It's the same with sex. If somebody wants to go out and fuck six chicks at the same time, then that's what he should do. If somebody wants to fuck six guys, then that's what he should do. It absolutely makes no difference to me."

That's what Arnold Schwarzenegger told *Honcho* interviewer Francis Toohey during a benefit showing of *Pumping Iron* at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. This kind of open-minded thinking is typical of Schwarzenegger, who in his own life defied all opposition from his parents and friends to become "the best-built man in the world." In his autobiography *Arnold: The Education of a*

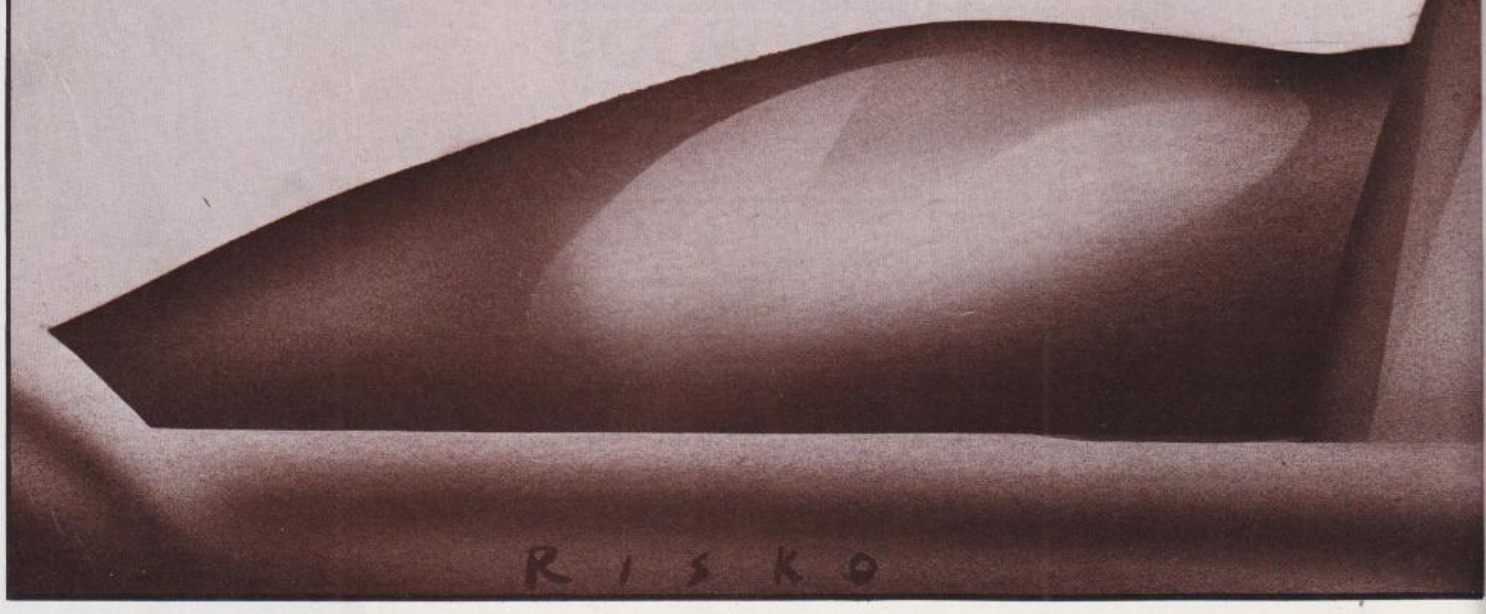
Photograph by Don Hanover

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST BICEP-TUAL SCHWARZENEGGER

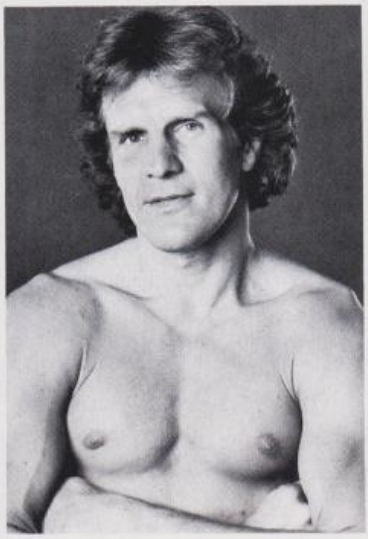


THE WORLD'S FOREMOST BICEP-TUAL SCHWARZENEGGER

Bodybuilder he admits that "modesty is not a word that applies to me in any way," though one hardly needs to be told after reading his boastful success story. Born and raised in Graz, Austria, he decided at fifteen to pursue bodybuilding when his soccer coach suggested that he lift weights to strengthen his legs. "I still remember that first visit to the bodybuilding gym," he writes. "I had never seen anyone lifting weights before. Those guys were huge and brutal. I found myself walking around them, staring at muscles I couldn't even name, muscles I'd never even seen before. The weight lifters shone with sweat; they were powerful looking, Herculean. And there it was before me—my life, the answer I'd been seeking. It

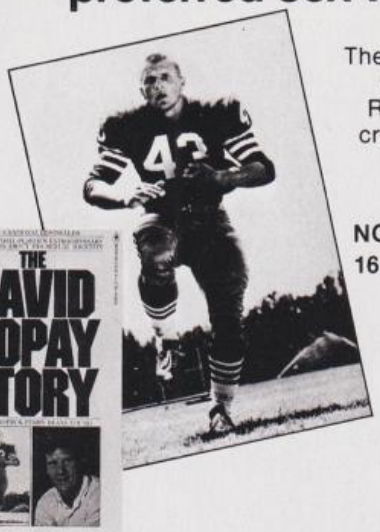


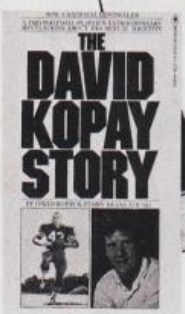
THE KOPAY STORY



BY DAVID KOPAY
& Perry Deane Young

"I was the typical jock. I loved playing football. I was tough, I was successful. And all the time I knew I preferred sex with men."





The ten-year veteran running back of the Forty-Niners, Lions, Redskins, Saints and Packers created a nationwide sensation when he revealed his homosexuality.

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THE DAVID KOPAY STORY
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clicked. It was something I suddenly just seemed to reach out and find, as if I'd been crossing a suspended bridge and finally stepped off onto solid ground." That "suspended bridge" image may be inadequate to illustrate what was probably a more complex psychological situation, but it serves to connote that after traveling an unmarked road Arnold suddenly found his destination early in life, an event he expresses with an honest, if not profound, simplicity that exemplifies the tone and style of the entire book.

Immediately becoming passionate about this individualized sport that could bring fame and recognition to a single man (a need Schwarzenegger admits early on when he complains of his dissatisfaction with the shared winning of group sports), he ravenously collected books and magazines on bodybuilding—anything that would inform him about this "art" to which he decided to devote his life. Inevitably, in his reading, he came across a picture of Reg Park, the famous bodybuilder turned movie star (in some of the worst pictures ever made), and Park became Arnold's idol. "In one of the magazines I saw my first photograph of Reg Park. He was on a page facing Jack Delinger. That's the way I wanted to be—ultimately: big."

At the time Arnold was six feet tall and weighed 150 pounds. He decided that 250 pounds was what he wanted to weigh and began to work out strenuously, reshaping his body to fit his dream: a physique with "big deltoids, big pecs, big thighs, big calves." Despite the disdain of his parents, who felt their own son should be preparing for a more respectable profession rather than wasting his time indulging in "the least-favorite sport in Austria," Arnold forged ahead, working out furiously until people took notice and began to regard him as a special person, which produced the psychological effect he had always wanted. "This strange new attitude toward me had an incredible effect on my ego. It supplied me with something I had been craving. I'm not sure why I had this need for special attention. Perhaps it was because I had an older brother who'd received more than his share of attention from our father. Whatever the reason, I had a strong desire to be noticed, to be praised. I turned even negative responses to my own satisfaction."

This kind of psychological self-

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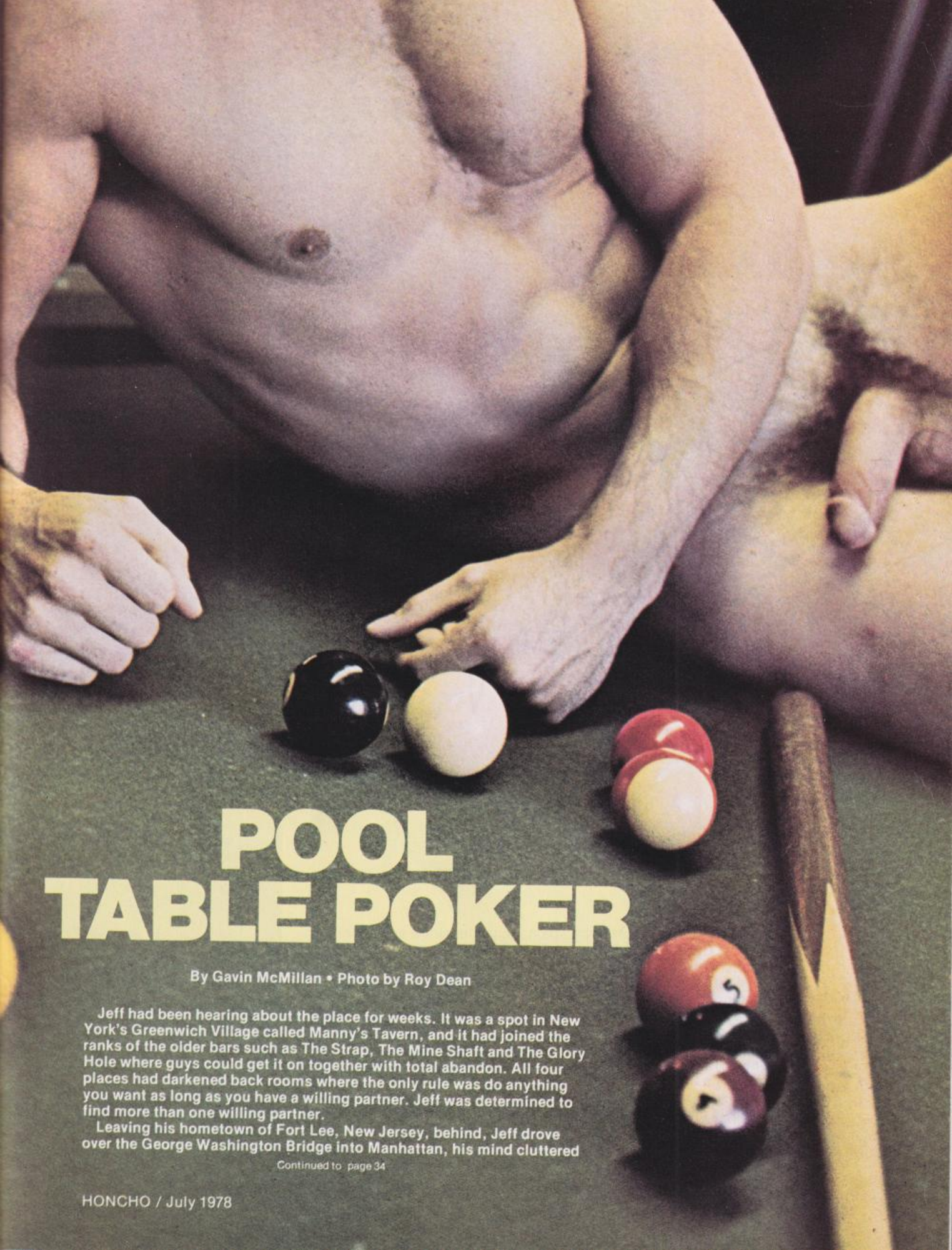

POOL TABLE POKER

By Gavin McMillan • Photo by Roy Dean

Jeff had been hearing about the place for weeks. It was a spot in New York's Greenwich Village called Manny's Tavern, and it had joined the ranks of the older bars such as The Strap, The Mine Shaft and The Glory Hole where guys could get it on together with total abandon. All four places had darkened back rooms where the only rule was do anything you want as long as you have a willing partner. Jeff was determined to find more than one willing partner.

Leaving his hometown of Fort Lee, New Jersey, behind, Jeff drove over the George Washington Bridge into Manhattan, his mind cluttered

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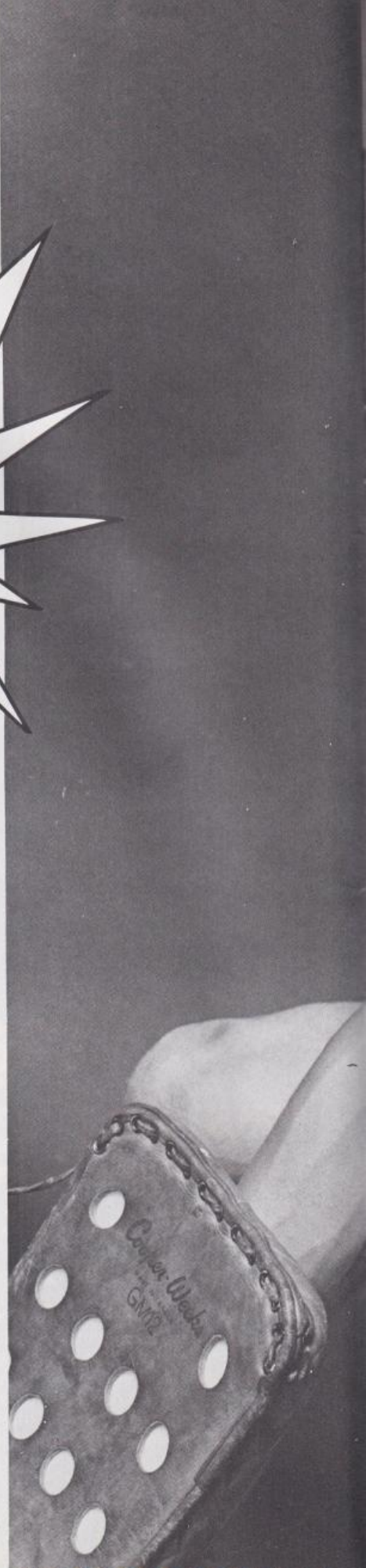
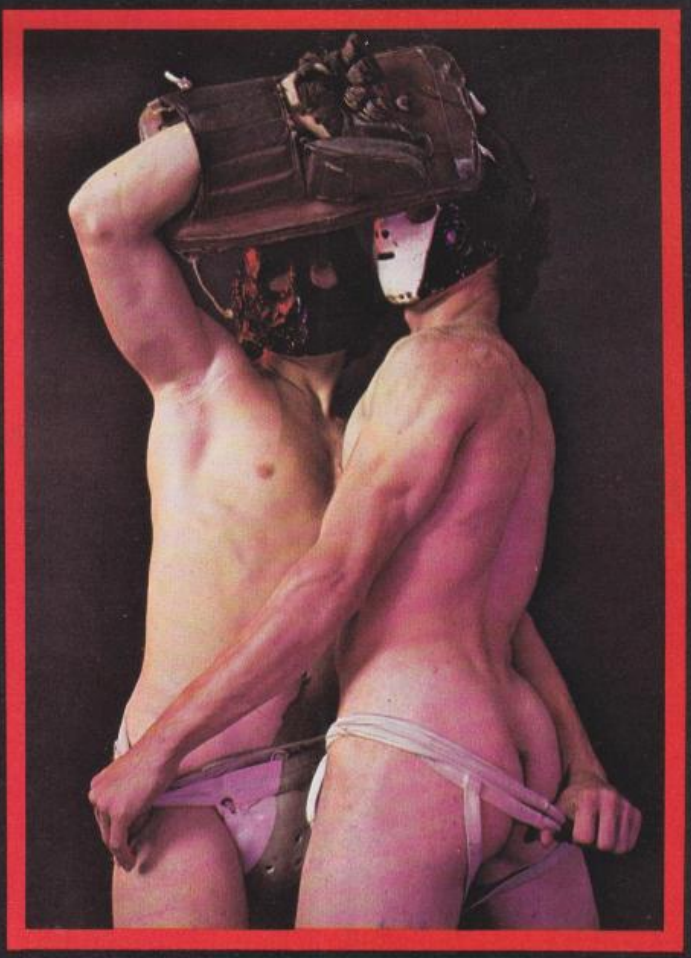
CONTACT!

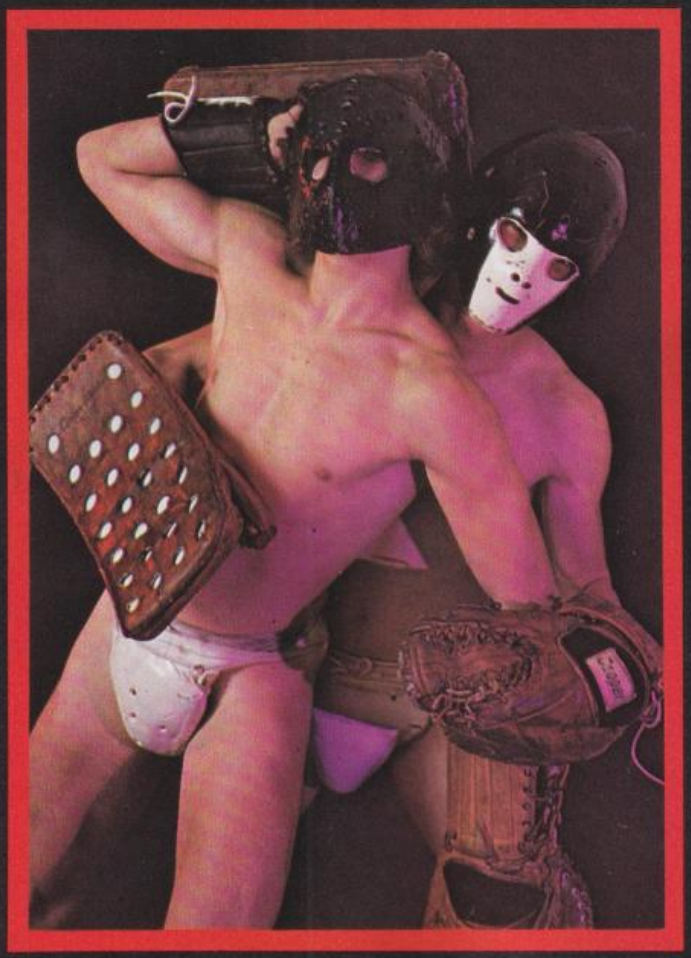


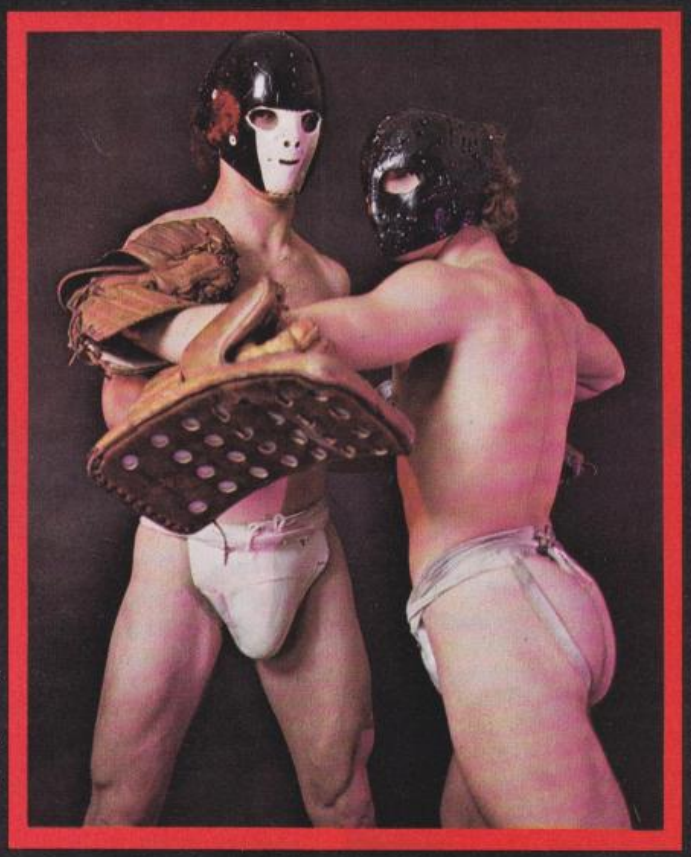
Man against man, muscle against muscle, sinew against sinew. The spilling of blood, sweat and tears on bone-chilling ice. *Honcho* examines the ultra-brutal world of hockey in an exclusive eight-page pictorial, a firmly focused fantasy of two young men engaging in some rough-and-tumble action lending new meaning to the term "contact sports." The violence inherent in a hockey match holds a sadomasochistic fascination for its legions of devoted fans, the intrigue of such conflicts underscored by the popularity of the film *Slap Shot*. These rugged men often literally exchange an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth as they skate frantically for that all important goal. The hockey honcho at right prepares for contact action wearing only the basic protective gear: mask and cup, fully prepared for an erotic struggle to win a different sort of prize.

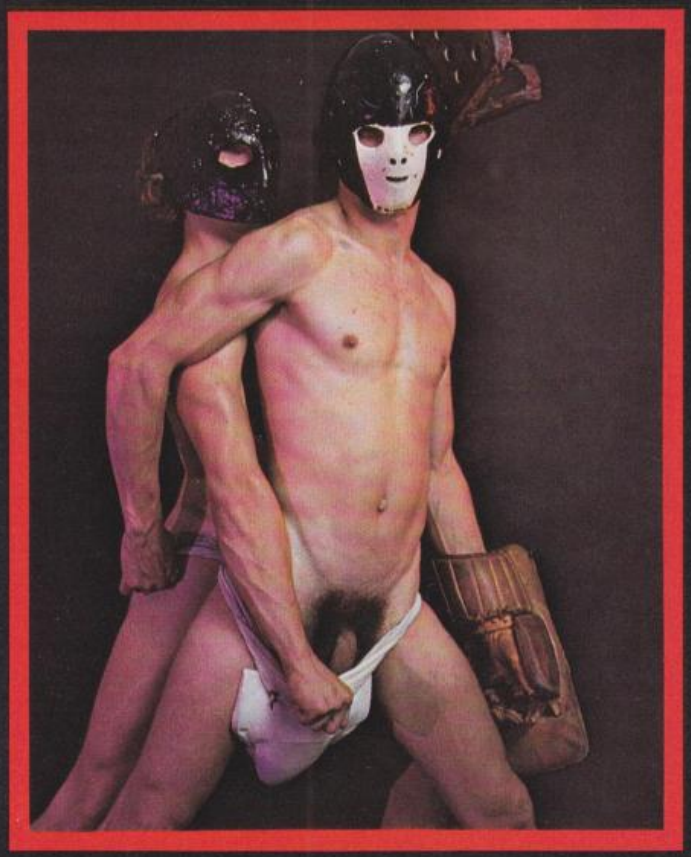
Photographs by Don Hanover

Bearing a striking resemblance to the extra-terrestrial creatures of *Star Wars*, they strip each other almost bare in an earthy battle of the flesh. The result is a mutually willing below-the-belt encounter of the hottest kind as you'll see on the following pages.









Photographs by Don Hanover

Cooper

CONTACT!

Pounding, thrusting and provocative, our men are driven to playing much more than games. They push themselves hard toward that ultimate triumph, an exploration of raw masculinity scorching enough to melt the ice. It's a hand-to-hand combat culminating in the attainment of a very macho triumph in a well-fought match. Nothing puckish about these guys.

Photographs by Don Hanover

CONTACT!

They definitely mean business, and as soon as they catch their breath, another sweaty session will doubtless follow. Hockey, anyone?

Photographs by Don Hanover

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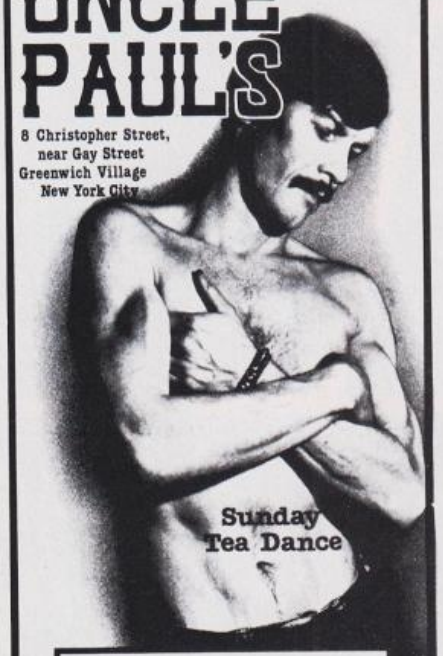

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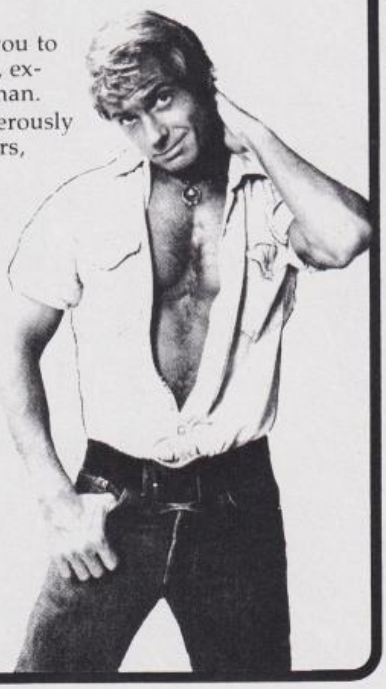


ODDS & INS

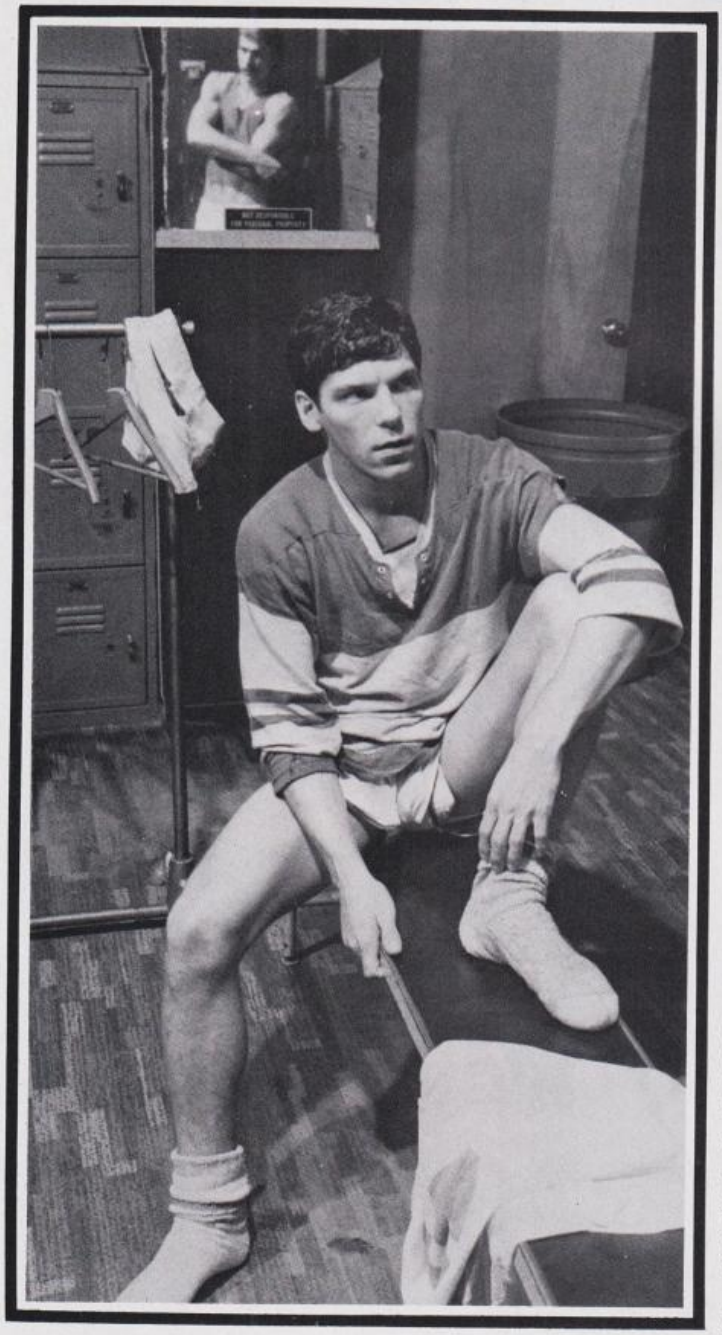
LAVENDAR KNIGHTS

After a street confrontation last September between New York police officers and gays, a Greenwich Village police precinct has initiated a program to establish communication between the two groups. The autumn incident occurred when the cops were summoned to break up a noisy late-night crowd that had gathered to watch a street singer. Tempers flared and words like "pig" and "faggot" were exchanged. Hoping to better relationships with the Village's sizable homosexual population, Captain Aaron Rosenthal has ordered all his men to attend one of the weekly rap sessions with gays until all 203 officers have participated. After criticism about police behavior at the street incident, Rosenthal sent his men a memorandum instructing them that their job was to protect civilians, not to pass judgment on life styles. He later made the memo public and it was published in the newspaper *Gaysweek*. Rosenthal has since indicated he wants gays on the precinct's auxiliary police force. This came at the time New York Mayor Ed Koch ordered an end to discrimination in hiring homosexuals for municipal employment including the Police and Fire Departments.

MAKING BOOK

Two new titles in the gay literary sweepstakes may be of interest to our readership. *Jonathan and David* by Tom Horner examines homosexuality in Biblical times with numerous quotations from the Scriptures and other writers who have researched this controversial subject. He focuses on the relationship between the two men who lend the book its title and offers an interesting analysis of what is to be learned from the story of Sodom. It may be a little heavy going for someone not thoroughly fascinated by this topic, but it is a valuable study of long-ignored phenomenon. A psychiatrist takes a look at gays in *The Gay Tapes* by David I. Gottlieb, M.D. In interviews with three male homosexuals he questions them extensively about friendship, fidelity, fantasies and a number of other things. Not especially revelatory, it nonetheless may make you re-examine certain aspects of your personality and sexuality after reading what others have to say about their own situations.

JOCKS IN A LOCKER ROOM



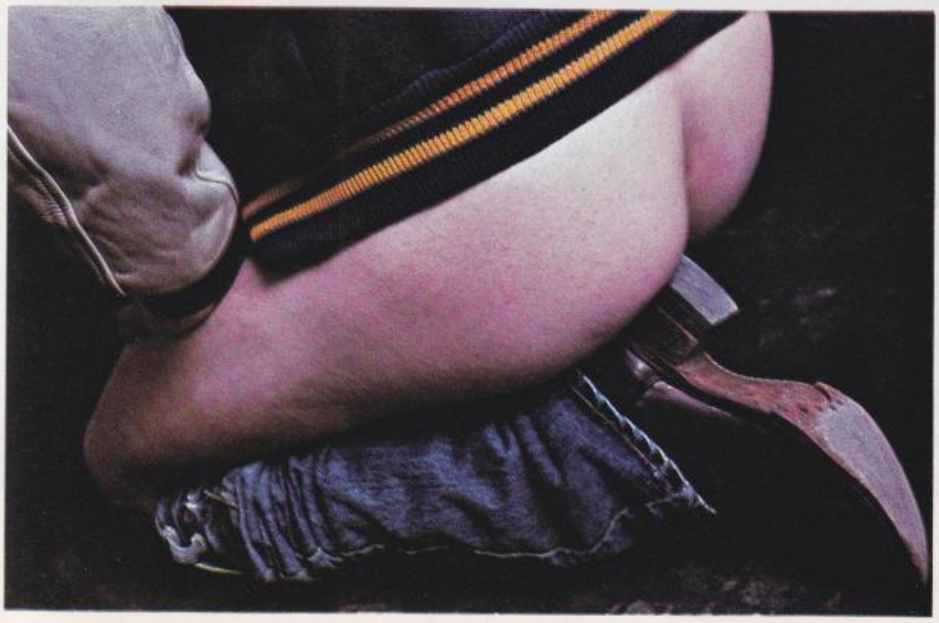
In that chauvinistic, all-male domain called the locker room, fantasy and reality blend provocatively. It is late afternoon. After a strenuous workout on the gridiron, basketball courts or soccer field, tired and sweaty jocks enjoy a quiet moment of 100 per cent masculine camaraderie. And sometimes the fatigued mind begins to wander, its imagination triggered by very real images: Vince Clark here watches as Kirk Mannheim, mirrored behind him, strips bareassed before hitting the showers. Perhaps Vince is thinking that Kirk is the thing that honcho dreams are made of. Will he dare push their friendship a sensual step further?

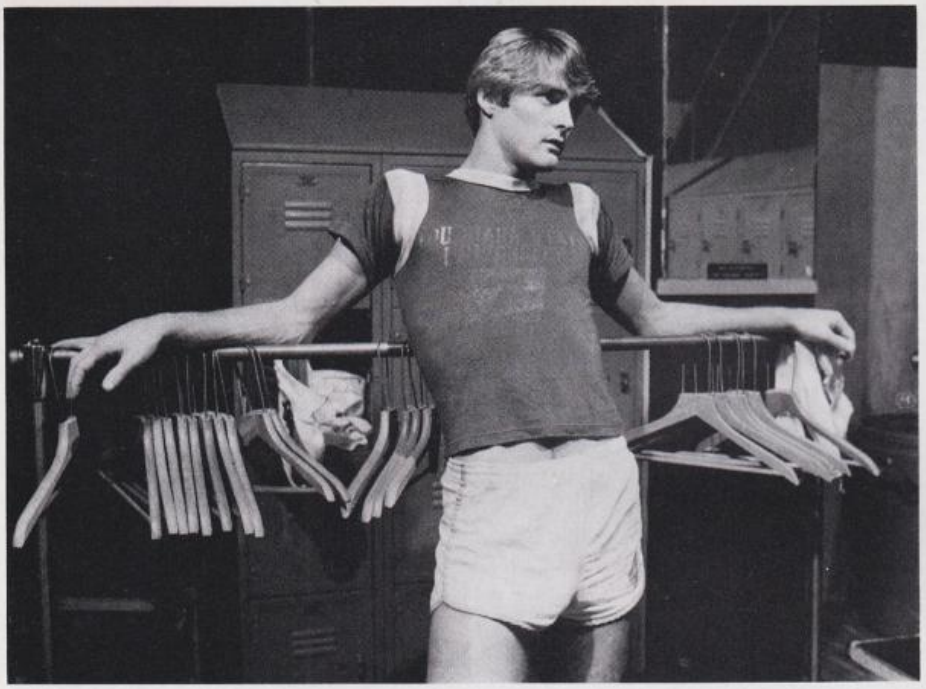
Photograph by Falcon

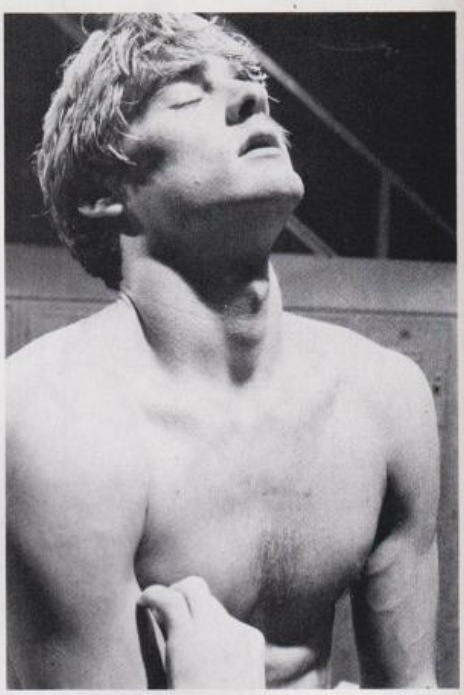
IN A LOCKER ROOM

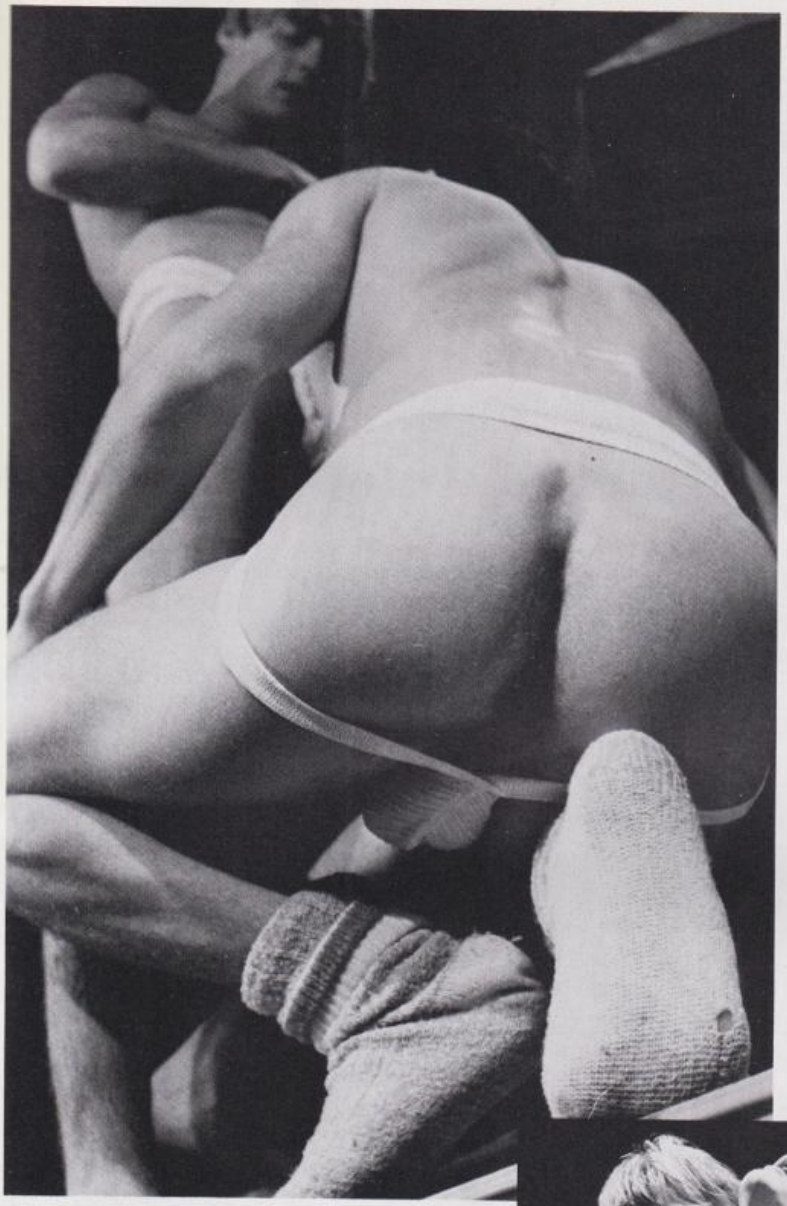
The college jock. The big man on campus. The athletic hero looked up to and worshipped. He is one of the most popular fantasy figures for young men who see in the jock something perhaps lacking in themselves, or a part of themselves they would like to develop more fully. The locker room provides glimpses of masculinity, fleeting images that lodge in the mind forever, images to be remembered later, conjured up countless times. The young jock, his gym shorts stripped off, wearing only his letter jacket and revealing what he uses to fill up his well-worn, sweat-yellowed jockstrap. Well-muscled torsos in various positions. A rounded buttock, lightly and unselfconsciously caressed. Youthful equipment dangling appealingly over the edge of a massage table. And other images: other young men, with bodies similar to one's own. Hero worship that is partly narcissistic. Yet in the locker room everything is not always just fantasy. Real things happen. Some of them are depicted on the next two pages. And in our color centerfold, a young jock allows a fellow teammate to lend a helping hand with that sweat-soaked jock.

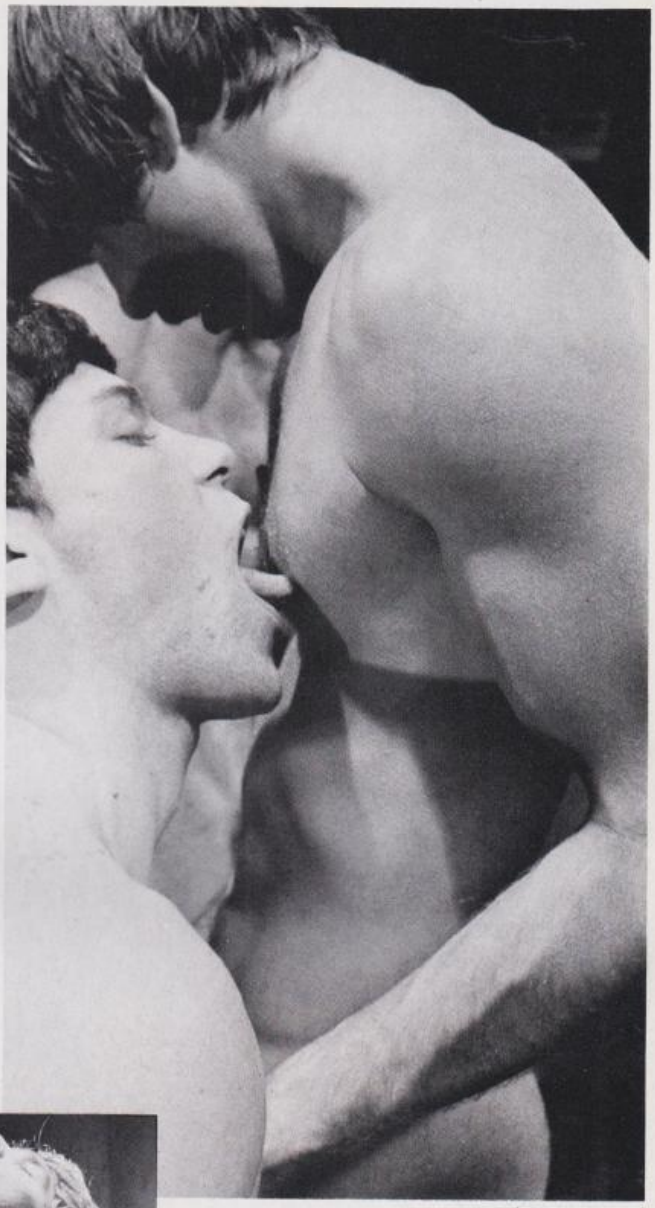
Photographs by Don Hanover











IN A LOCKER ROOM

Photographs by Falcon

Locker room action. Facades fall, as nostrils quiver at the smell of manliness. Vince Clark and Kirk Mannheim are joined by a third young jock, Jeff Turk, who gets himself involved in a very special sort of locker room workout. These three studs are featured in a new Falcon book, *Dynamo! No. 3*. It's an exciting 48-pager with dozens of action-packed photos including 10 in full color. Want to experience for yourself what sometimes really goes on behind those locker room doors? *Dynamo! No. 3* may be ordered, for $8.50, from Falcon, P.O. Box 750, San Francisco, Ca. 94101. Please state you are over 21, because this locker room workout is definitely for men only.

HONCHO
Centerfold by Don Hanover

POOL TABLE POKER

Continued from page 17

with images of what he might find at Manny's Tavern. It was nearly midnight on a Thursday. His friend Jack told him the action didn't really get started until fairly late, so Jeff had purposely hung around his apartment, killing a few beers before getting dressed for the night.

Good old Jack, Jeff thought. He and the guy had been buddies for seven of their twenty-nine years, and Jeff knew he could always trust his friend to be the first to find the new gay hot spots. He remembered when Jack had phoned him to tell him about Manny's, and the wild tales he had listened to had immediately gotten him aroused and he jerked off while Jack was talking to him. Noticing his heavy breathing toward the end of the conversation, Jack had laughed and asked his pal if he was doing what he *thought* he was doing. Jeff had answered truthfully, pulling even harder on his stiff poker. Jack had thought it was a good idea, and the two of them had exchanged some raunchy stories with each other, the scene culminating in heavy orgasms for both of them.

Thinking about that as he exited from the bridge and rolled over the streets of New York, Jeff felt a familiar stirring between his thick thighs. He dropped his right hand onto his groin and kneaded the length of hardening cockflesh straining down the left leg of his tight blue jeans. He wore no underwear, so his dick was free to swell where it wanted to without restraint. Jeff continued to rub his meat through the worn fabric, finally making himself stop when he realized he was getting close to shooting off.

No sense in wasting it, he thought. Gotta save it for some dude at Manny's. He moved his hand away and forced himself to concentrate on the light flow of traffic heading south.

Jeff had no trouble finding his way to the new place and only had to spend a few minutes driving around until he found a parking space a couple of blocks away. He got out of the car, locked the door and adjusted his leather jacket. It was a warm spring night, so he had decided not to wear a shirt. His heavily muscled chest with a thick growth of dark brown hair glowed under the faint street lights as he walked toward the bar. He gave his now-limp prick a quick jerk, pulling it down one leg of his blue jeans, making the bulge more prominent.

Never hurts to do a little advertising, he thought.

Jeff found the street address Jack had given him, reached for the door and found it locked. "What the hell...?" he muttered to himself, stepping back to check the numbers above the door, thinking he might have made a mistake. "242," he said, matching that against the slip of paper where he had copied down Jack's instructions. He tried the door again. Locked tight. Well, this is really the damned pits! he thought, turning away from the door and starting back toward his car. Driving all the way from New Jersey and finding the place closed up tight as a drum.

His annoyed thoguhts were interrupted from a voice down the street. "Where you going, stud?"

Jeff turned and saw a man about his age standing in the doorway to Manny's. He wore a pair of tattered blue jeans and a demin, vest, a nicely muscled chest with a light coating of dark hair spread over the swollen pectorals illuminated from the light spilling from the bar.

Retracing his steps, Jeff walked up to the guy and said, "I was going somewhere else. I thought the place was closed. I banged on the door but..."

"It's closed alright," the guy said, his eyes flickering hungrily over Jeff's humpy physique.

"Why?"

"We got raided last night. Seems there was some kind of disagreement with the cops about our liquor license. It's no big deal. We'll be opening up again tomorrow. A little money has to change hands. That's all."

"What are you doing here?" Jeff asked, noticing the other man was absently scratching his bulging crotch as he talked.

"I'm the manager. Name's Buck." He held out a big hand which Jeff took in his grip and shook firmly. "I figured I'd get some bookkeeping done while I had the place to myself. Maybe get some cleaning up out of the way, too. You want to come in for a beer?'

A quick once over at Buck's supermasculine face and body was all the convincing Jeff needed. "Sure.'

Buck stepped aside and let Jeff pass, turning to lock the door behind him before going behind a long wooden bar and extracting a couple of beers from the cooler.

"Have there been a lot of other guys coming by tonight?'Jeff asked.

"A few. But word spread like wildfire around here. Everybody knows we're closed and is waiting around to find out when we're going to re-open. Here." He handed the beer to Jeff and swung one booted leg over the egdge of a pool table, leaning back and propping himself up on one elbow. He toyed with the cue ball while he talked. "How come you didn't get the word?"

" 'Cause I live in New Jersy, I guess.'

"Oh,'Buck said, taking a healthy swig from his beer. "I guess there'll be more guys coming by later. Like yourself. The place never really gets going until later than this.'Jeff nodded. "Say. Do you play pool?'

"Yeah.'

"Interested in a round or two?'Buck scratched his heavy groin again, and Jeff felt his mouth watering at the sight. There were plenty of games he'd like to play with Buck, but he figured he had a little time before making a move.

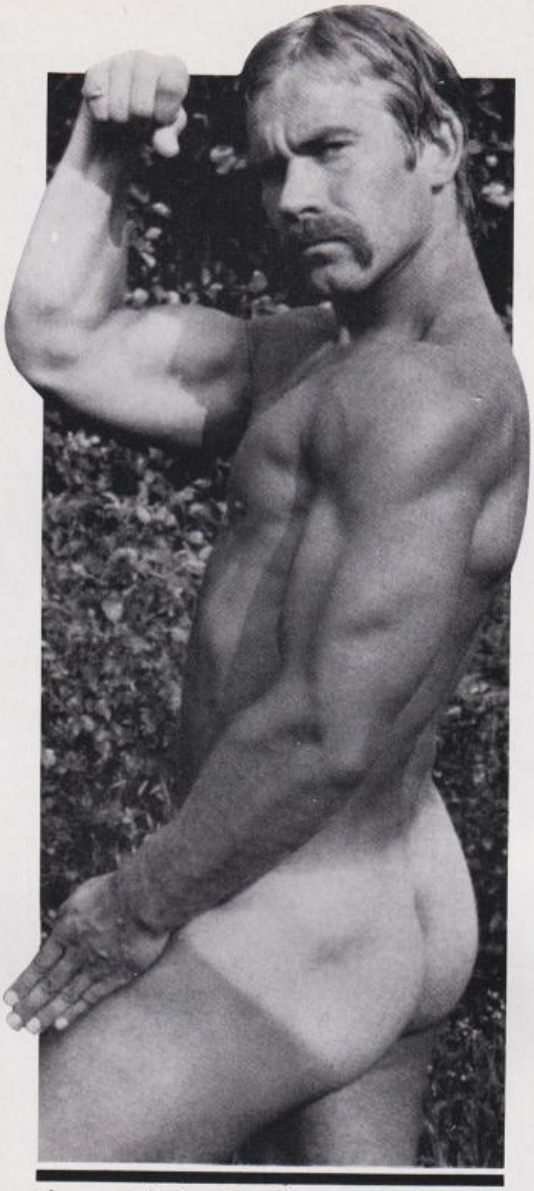
"Sure.'

The time passed quickly as the two shot pool, Jeff easily taking the first game, then losing badly on the second round. Buck made certain that Jeff was well supplied with fresh beers and by the time they began a third game, Jeff was having a little trouble focusing on the colored pool balls. He had already had several beers before leaving home, and now he had a full-fledged glow on. Buck was beginning to look even better to him as the evening wore on, and Jeff gave his new buddy a slap on the ass as he walked past him on the way to the men's room.

"I gotta piss away some of this beer, buddy. Ill be right back.'

As he stood at the urinal, his cock streaming a heavy river of yellow piss, Jeff felt himself getting aroused again. The touch of his hand against his prick, all the beer, the look of the stud in the next room, all this combined to make him even hornier than he had thought. Gotta make a move soon, he thought. Can't wait a

Continued to page 60

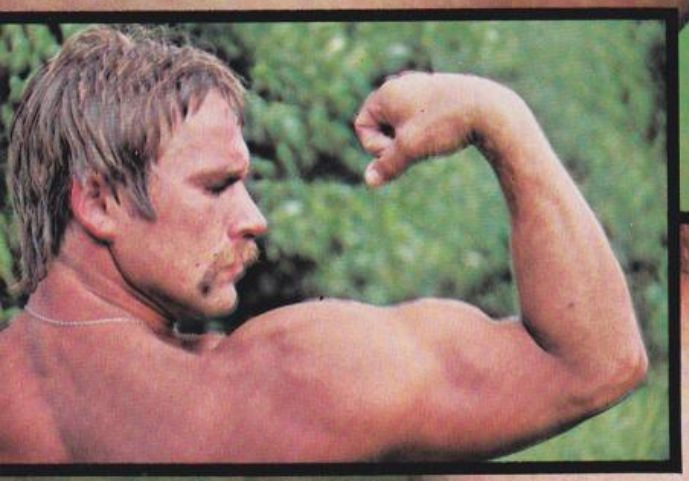


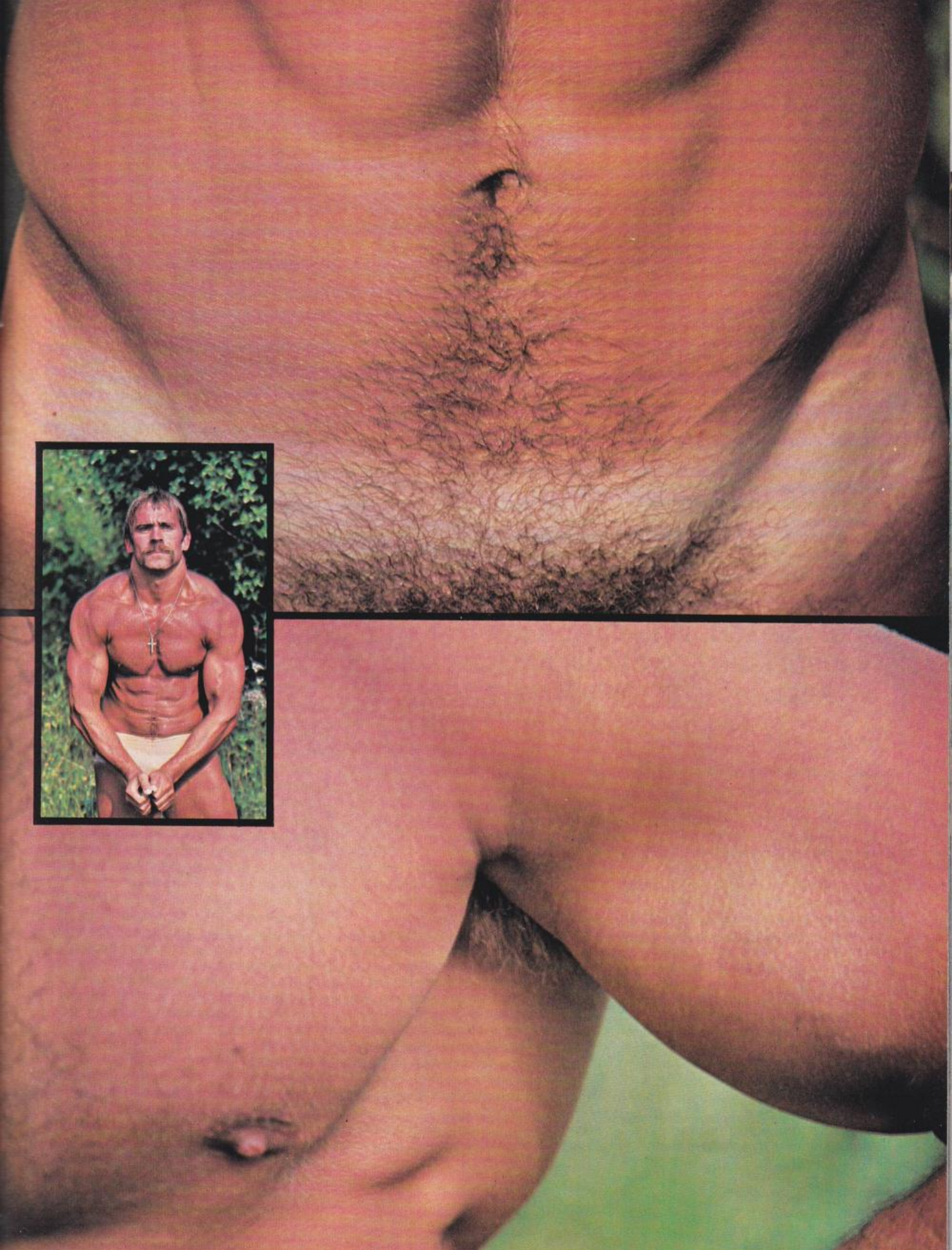
In an exclusive pictorial actually lensed in the Soviet Union, *Honcho* presents one of Russia's top bodybuilders, Alexei Korshakovska. This 23-year-old White Russian was photographed in his native Byelorussia, showing the tantalizing results of years of pumping iron behind the Iron Curtain. We have to admit this son of Mother Russia is indeed a red star of the first magnitude.

RED STAR

PUMPING IRON BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Alexei began lifting weights when he was thirteen, and that decade of dedication has paid off handsomely. Pecs, lats and biceps ripple and flow when he just so much as raises a finger. This huge hunk of masculinity is enough to create his own special Russian Revolution, and we have to agree that Russian *un*dressing is far superior to the salad dressing. Catherine might have been great and Ivan may have been terrible, but we think Alexei is dynamite.





SCHWARZENEGGER Continued from page 16

manipulation is the keynote of the book, which though it's an impressive document of human determination, doesn't go much deeper than an entertaining variant on *The Power of Positive Thinking*, bodybuilding division. Arnold's mental development is characteristic of the hero complex. Initially looked upon as "a novelty, a freak," and limited in his own self-acceptance because of social criticism, he applied himself more fervantly to prove his worth. Working in the realm of physical development, which produces concrete rather than abstract results, he was stimulated to continue his quest, supported by an increasing sense of self-value fed by a deep need to be superior. Schwarzenegger, however, viewed it in slightly different terms. "Now, looking back," he reflects, "I can analyze it more clearly. My total involvement had a lot to do with the discipline, the individualism, and the utter integrity of bodybuilding. But at the same time it was a mystery even to me. Bodybuilding did have its rewards, but they were relatively small. I wasn't competing yet, so my gratification had to come from other areas. In the summer at the lake I could surprise everyone by showing up with a different body. They'd say 'Jesus, Arnold, you grew again. When are you going to stop?'"

"Never" was his answer, and he proved it a few years later when, during his one-year mandatory service in the Army, he sneaked out at night and took a train to Stuttgart, Germany, to compete in the Mr. Europe Junior contest—and won, at nineteen. "I felt like King Kong," he brags. "I loved the sudden attention. I strutted and flexed. I knew for certain that I was on the way to becoming the world's greatest bodybuilder. I felt I was already one of the best in the world. Obviously, I wasn't even in the top 5,000; but in my mind I was the best. I had just won Mr. Europe Junior."

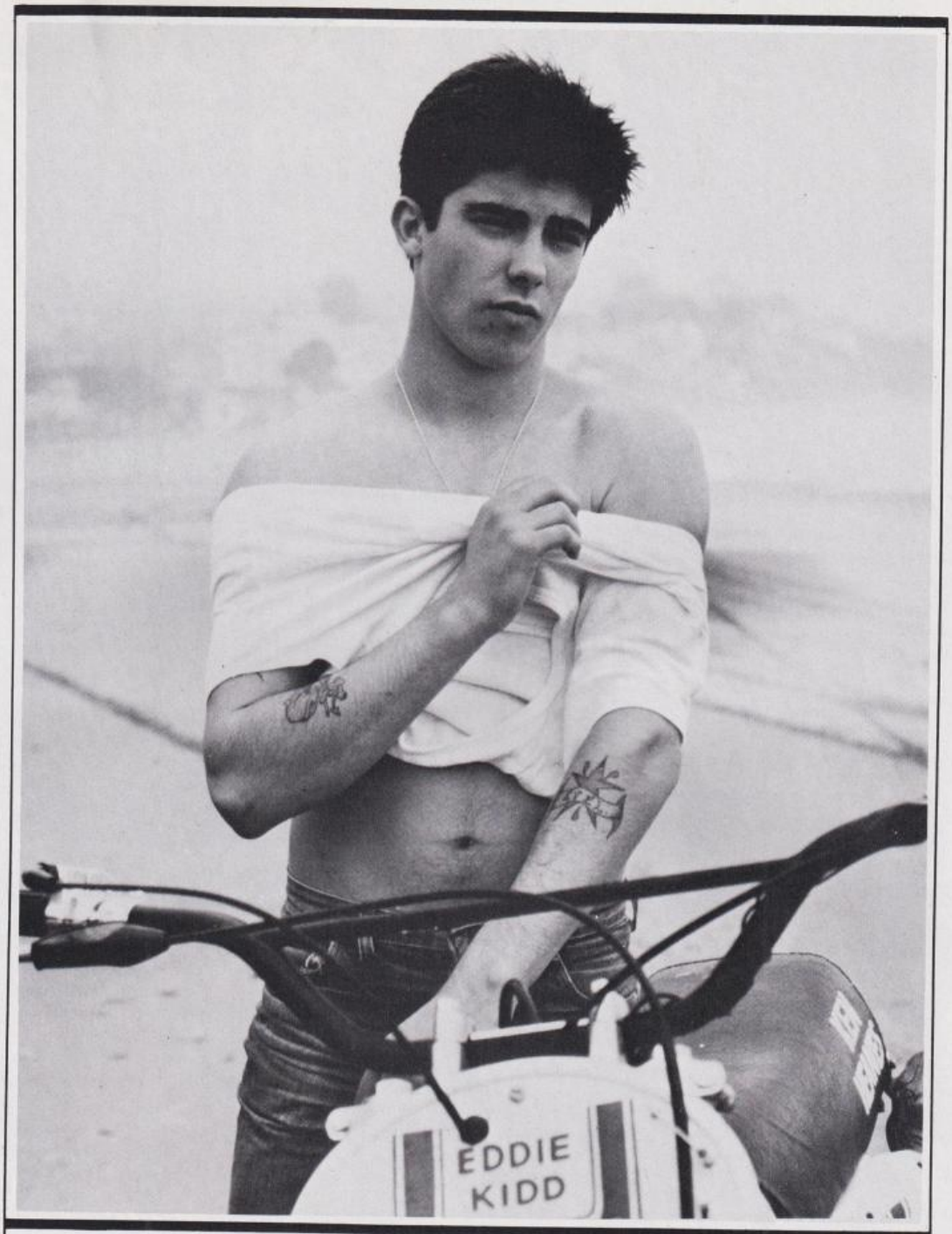
After the contest, Arnold experienced his first confrontation with homosexuality when one of the judges, a man Arnold calls Schneck, offered him a room in which to stay (in Schneck's own house), a health and bodybuilding club to manage and work out in, and a ticket to London to watch the Mr. Universe contest the following year. Arnold accepted, but soon backed out. "I stayed with him for three or four days. I did have a separate room, but there was no bed in it. I slept on a couch, which was uncomfortable for someone my size. Schneck promised he would get a bed; he said one had been ordered. It never arrived, of course, and he finally suggested that I should sleep in his bedroom. I got the message. It went up my spine like a sudden chill. I packed my clothes and left the house."

"A man is someone who is in control of himself, who can go out and be satisfied and do things and reach out, knowing that the whole world is available to him."

Untroubled by the event, however (he and Schneck finally became friends), Arnold thought only of preparing to compete in the Mr. Universe contest in London, which after months of grueling training, he did—and lost, to Chet Yorton. "I ended up in second place. I knew I never could have beaten Yorton. He had all the qualities it took to be Mr. Universe—the muscularity, the separation, the definition, the skin color, the glow of confidence. He was finished, like a piece of sculpture ready to be put on display, complete with the patina."

It is here that Arnold suffered his first "serious" failure, but it is also here that the pattern of his future success—recorded with repetitive proselytizing until the last page—was set, though nothing much is explained in more than superficial terms. Schwarzenegger merely continues his description of how his first failure spurred him to win the amateur Mr. Universe contest in 1967, and the professional one in 1968. Six additional titles later, in 1970, he finally won the contest that meant the most to him—Mr. Olympia—and held the title until 1975, when he decided to retire from bodybuilding to give room for someone else to win. Satisfied that he accomplished what he had set out to do, he turned to promoting the competitions, which he still does today. "It's a whole different ballgame," he comments, "because I think bodybuilders see me as a person who loves bodybuilding and is really trying to help it as a sport. I am trying to do this by running the top shows, the Mr. Olympia and Mr. Universe competitions. I want to bring more money into bodybuilding and see that the competitors get a greater share of it. Whatever else I do, I want to always be a kind of ambassador, a preacher for bodybuilding."

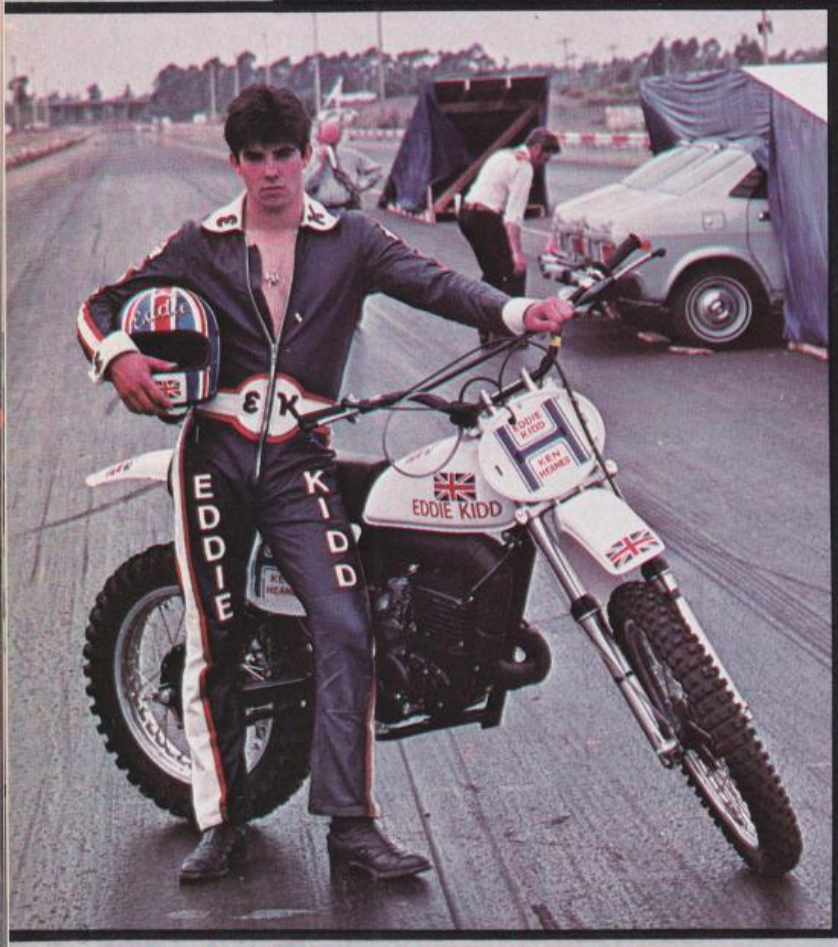
For those interested in Schwarzenegger's acting career, little is said about *Stay Hungry* or *Pumping Iron*, except that Arnold was able to reduce his weight for the former movie and to increase it for the latter, which merely reiterates his constantly self-praised ability to place mind over matter—the major thrust of the book. Given the popular appeal of Arnold's accomplishments, would it be crazy to suggest that more competent writers might toy with the idea of analyzing Schwarzenegger in the way Norman Mailer did in *Ego*, his triumphant essay on Muhammed Ali? Apparently the myth of the classical hero is still alive. In Toohey's interview, Schwarzenegger was asked what he thought was the true measure of a man. His answer might describe what artist James Wyeth recently captured on canvas in his portrait of Schwarzenegger, though without Wyeth's tinge of menace. "If you ask me what I ideally want, it's being as close to perfect as possible, being mentally on top, and physically and emotionally strong. You know, will and will power. A man is someone who is in control of himself, who can go out and be satisfied and do things and reach out, knowing that the whole world is available to him."

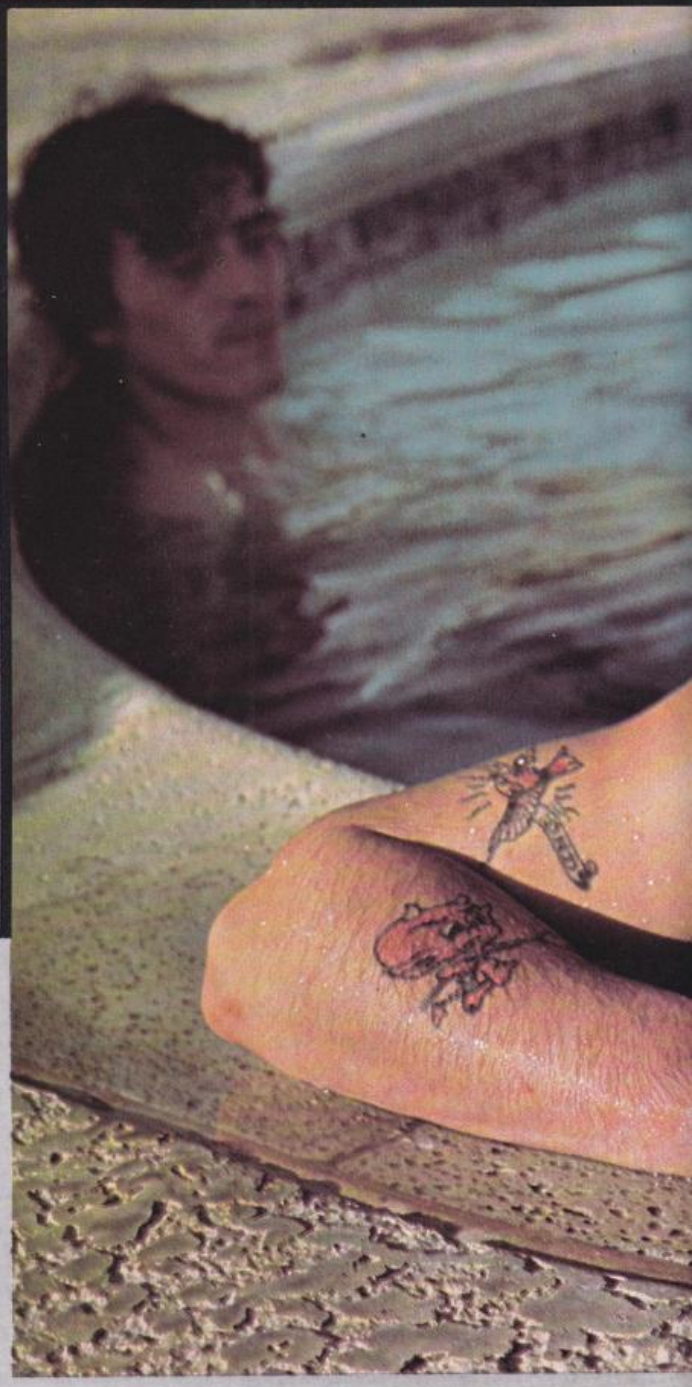


Currently creating quite a stir in the daredevil world of motorcycle jumping is young Eddie Kidd, the 18-year-old English world champion in that field. He was photographed here in California participating in a sports event filmed by C.B.S-TV. He has since returned to his native Britain where he is preparing for some exhibition jumps in Lagos, Nigeria.

KIDD STUFF

Photograph by Dagmar

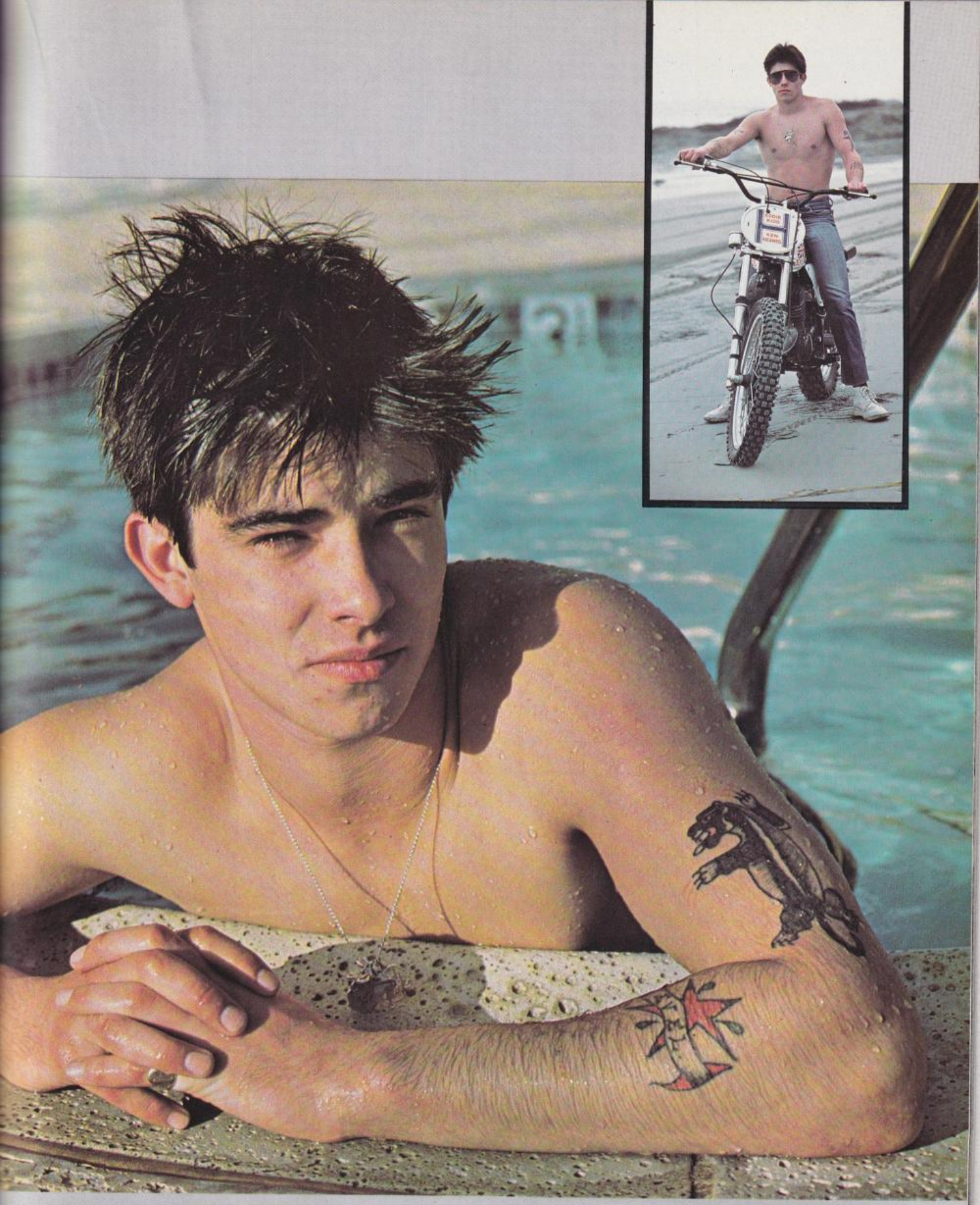




EASY RIDER

Eddie has led a charmed life in achieving his hair-raising feats. With over 900 jumps behind him, he has never had a single injury. There was one time, however, when he fell and broke three legs at once—they belonged to some rather unfortunate spectators. He became a fan and imitator of Evel Knievel at the age of 12 when he first saw a movie on Knievel. He eventually had his idol's name tattooed on his left arm but has since become disenchanted with the man simply because he has surpassed him. Knievel attempted a cycle leap over twelve busses and failed. As for Eddie, he successfully cleared thirteen busses, and *they* were double-deckers! Coming from Kidd, that's not kid stuff!!

Photographs by Dagmar



Along with jogging, bicycling is sweeping the country as one of the ways to spend your leisure time that has healthy benefits. Get 'Bike to Nature' so you can be seen—

PEDALING YOUR WARES

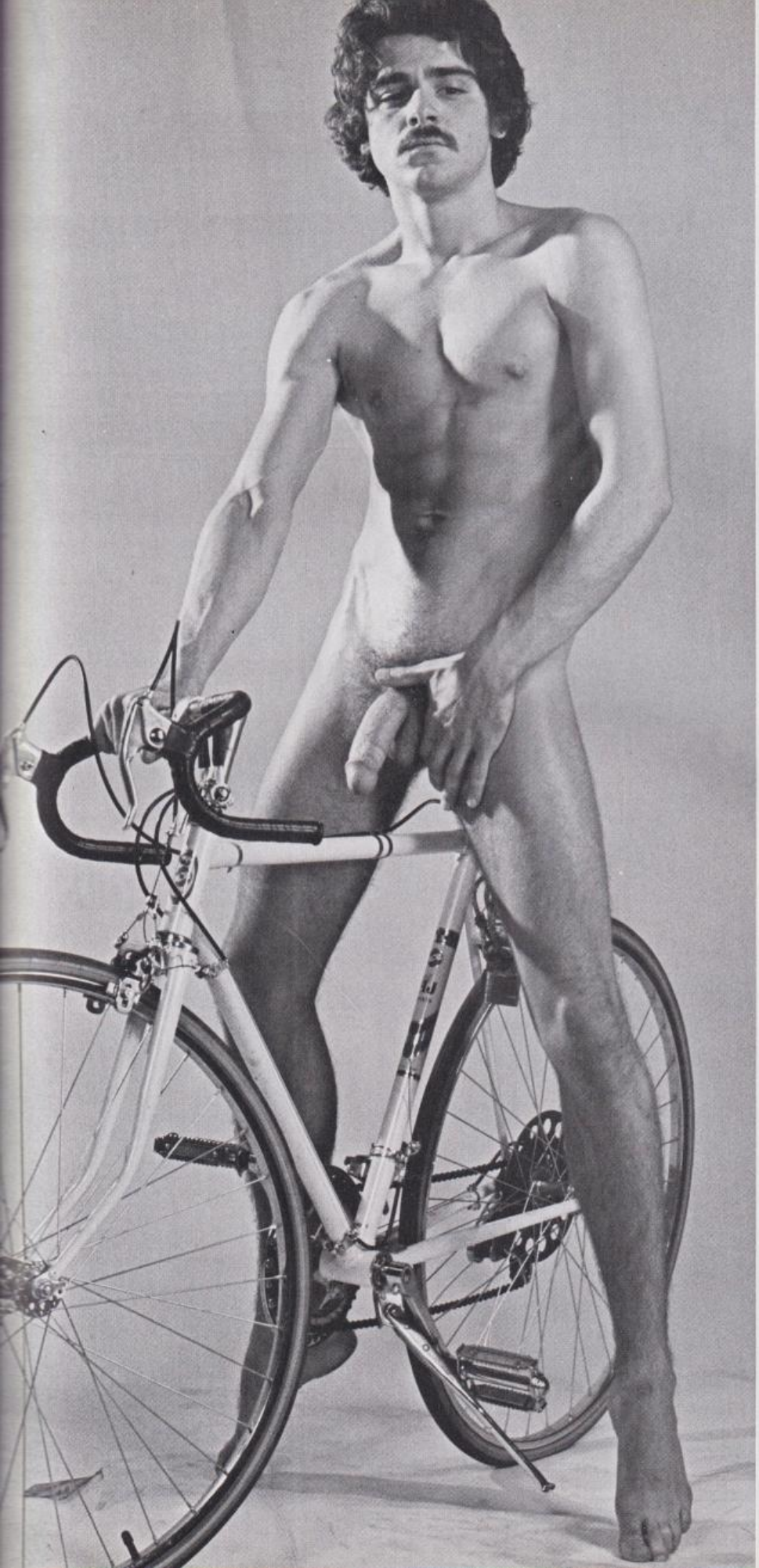
Photo by Man's Image

No special sports issue would be complete without a mention of one of today's most popular outdoor activities: bicycling. Along with jogging, bicycling is sweeping the country as one of the ways to spend your leisure time that has healthy benefits.

Europeans have long known the advantages of bicycling and indeed turned this form of exercise into a demanding sport with their grueling cross-country marathons. Large areas of their major cities such as Paris, London and Copenhagen have street lanes especially set aside for those commuters who shun cars and prefer to bike their way to work. America finally caught on to the trend and even in traffic-clogged Manhattan, the sight of bikers weaving their way through the maze of yellow cabs has become a common one. Areas of Central Park sometimes belong exclusively to bicyclists with special hours established when motor lanes are closed to automobiles and become the domain of bikers.

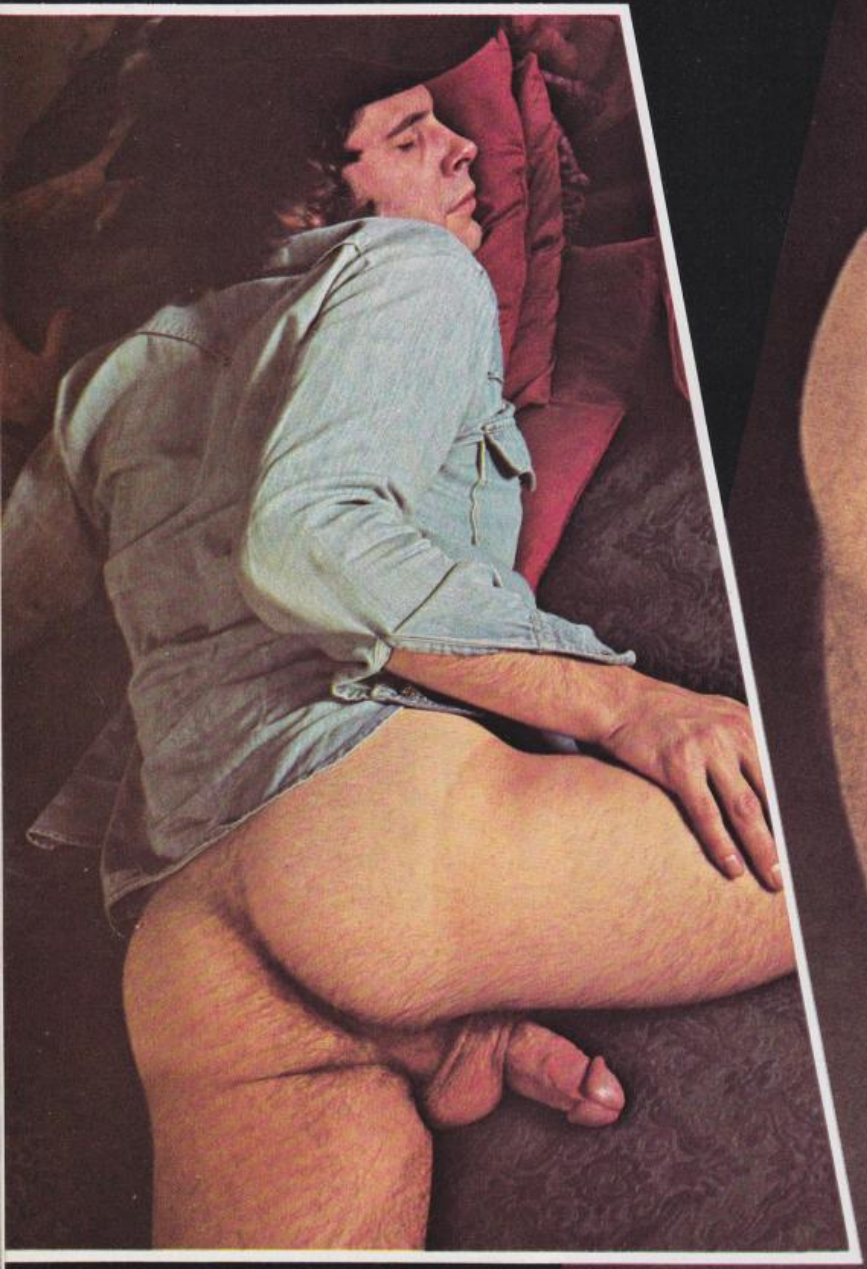
Along with this activity has been the burgeoning growth of bike shops catering to aficionados of biking. All sorts of new American-made models have been designed and manufactured to compete with the racy European products. Bikes with multi-speed gears have become almost as elaborate as small motorcycles. Also cashing in on the market are clothing manufacturers who have created fashions suitable for the sport. These outfits can be as fancy and expensive as you like. It hearkens back to the days when ladies and gentlemen of quality went bicycling in city parks, gowned and suited to the teeth.

Offering a variation on this theme is popular Man's Image model Joey who suggests here that he doesn't need any extra paraphernalia to enjoy biking. In fact, you might call this



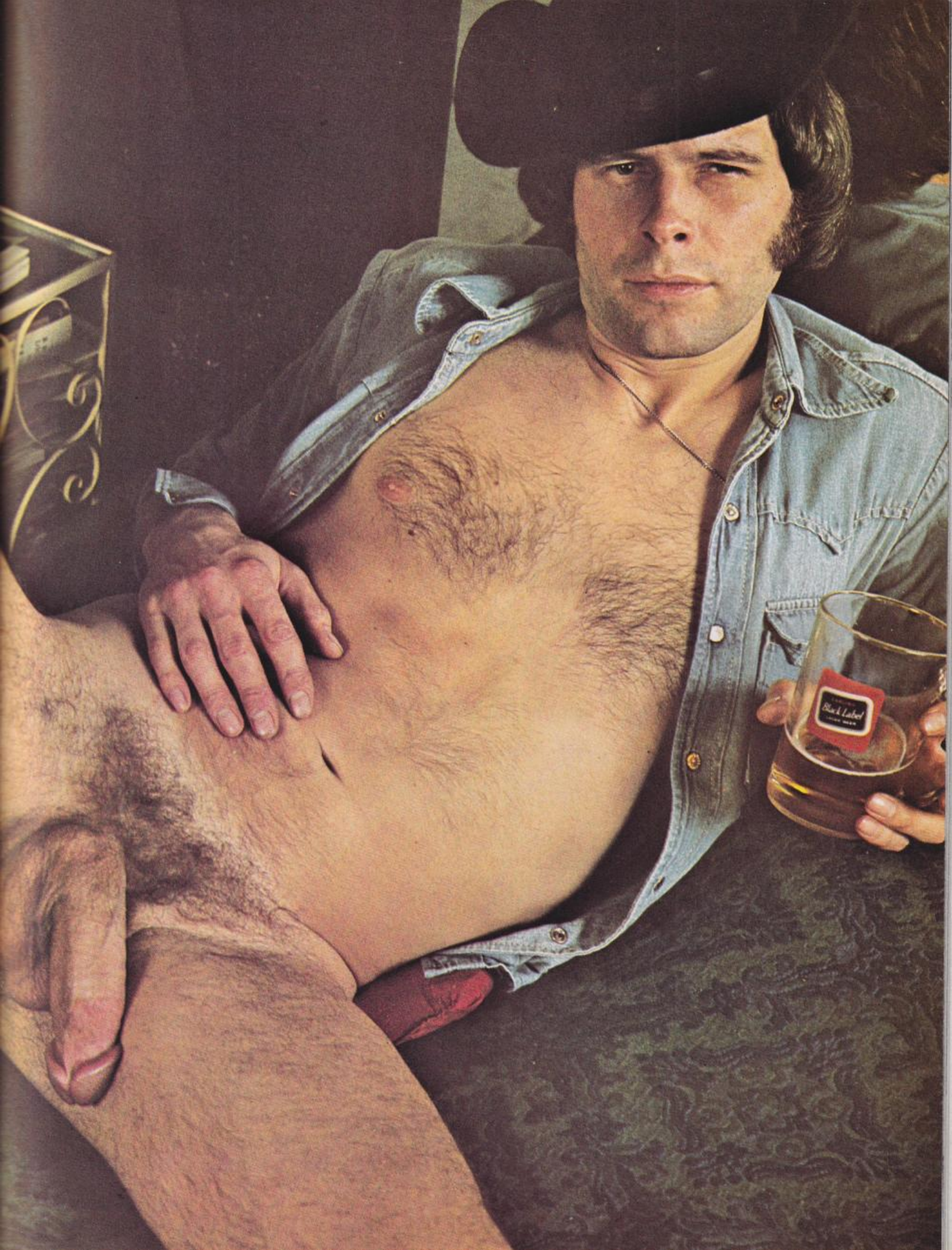
photograph "Bike To Nature." He's really gotten back to basics, shunning that most basic piece of gear for male bikers: a jock strap. That's one bit of equipment that's essential in keeping your essentials from tangling with the bike's equipment. Maybe that's why one of the most popular brands of athletic supporter is called "Bike." Without it, you just might be pedaling your wares to the doctor. We have a feeling, though, that Joey knows how to handle himself, something he more than implies here. And we say, "Ride On!"

HIGHLAND FLING



How would you like to take a fling with this Scottish highlander? He's Thomas MacDougal, a native of Glascow who showed photographer Mike Arlen that Scotsmen don't wear anything under their blue jeans. We don't know what they hide beneath their kilts, but Thomas was more than willing to show us what he had to offer, no holes barred. The titillating results are on the following pages.

Photographs by Mike Arlen


Black Label

THIS COWBOY JOCK IN SCOTLAND MAKES YOU WANT TO HAVE A

HIGHLAND FLING

A sheepherder by trade, Thomas proves he's something nice to come home to after a day of riding the range. We don't know exactly what he uses to prod his flock, but we could make a couple of calculated guesses. For some reason, the term "ramrod" comes to mind. Don't you agree? Shucking off everything but hat, boots and workshirt, Thomas sprawls on his bed, spreading wide his hairy thighs and letting his considerable natural equipment hang loose. Laid-back and uncomplicated, he's a liberated Scotsman who doesn't know the meaning of the word "hang-up." He's content to spend his time in the country, tending his sheep and enjoying an occasional foray into the pubs of a nearby town. Thomas spends quite a bit of his time alone, doing a bit of soul-searching perhaps and enjoying his solitude. When our photographer spotted him in the fields, he was quite agreeable when asked if he would pose in the altogether. In fact, he seemed quite eager. Self-consciousness or modesty is not a part of Thomas' personality, and he had no qualms whatsoever about stripping off his blue jeans and strutting his stuff. This 29-year-old Taurus is a true nature-lover, very fond of the earth which is his astrological sign. He loves getting his hands into the soil, sweating under a noonday sun as he tends his vegetable garden and keeps a watchful eye on his flock. Straightforward and to-the-point, he's by no means the kind of guy to cry "Wolf!"

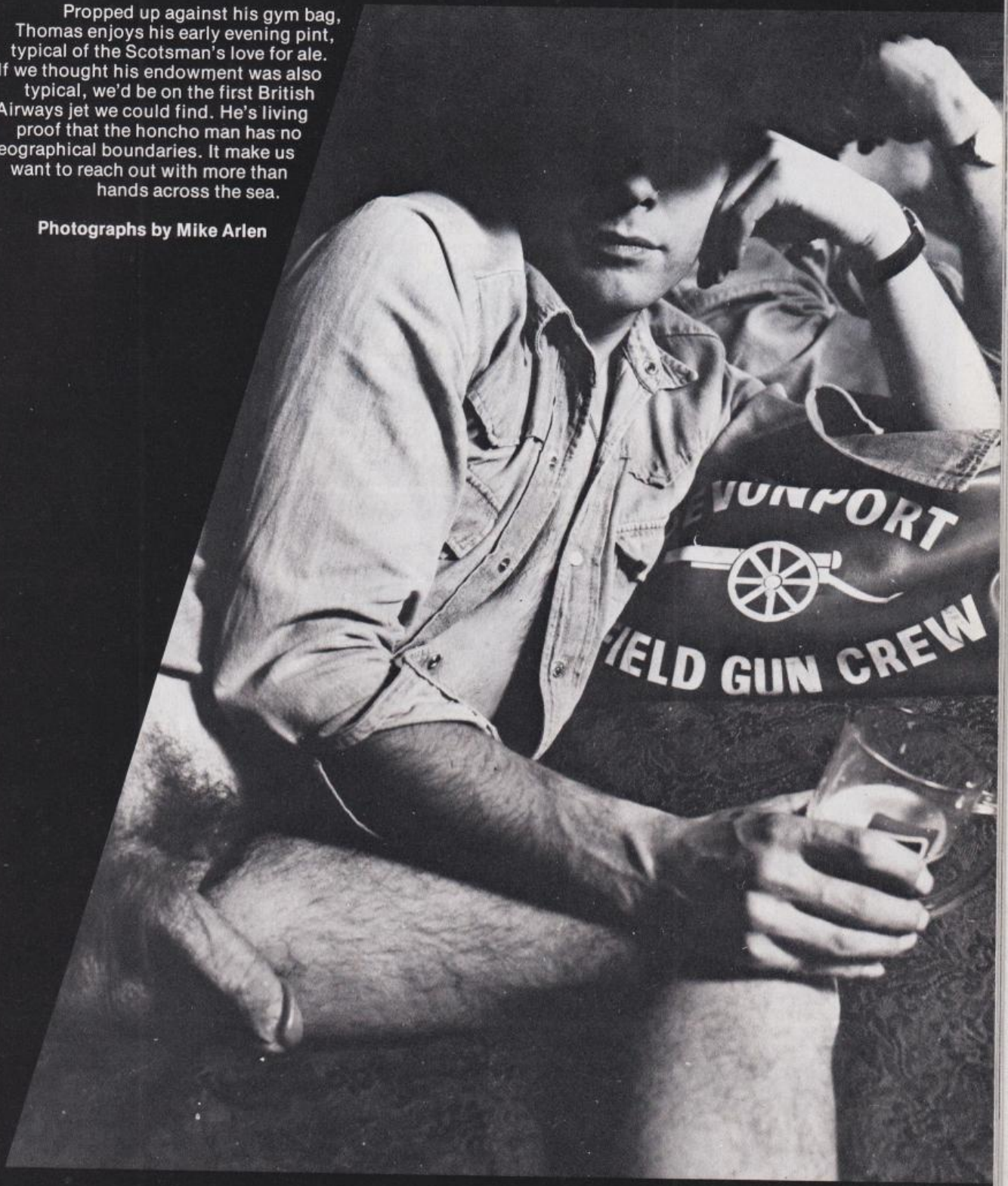
Photographs by Mike Arlen

PORT

HIGHLAND FLING

Propped up against his gym bag, Thomas enjoys his early evening pint, typical of the Scotsman's love for ale. If we thought his endowment was also typical, we'd be on the first British Airways jet we could find. He's living proof that the honcho man has no geographical boundaries. It make us want to reach out with more than hands across the sea.

Photographs by Mike Arlen



IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN

PLAYGUY

MAGAZINE, LOOK FOR IT!
IT'S THE HOTTEST!

ODDS & INS

FUR BEARING ANIMALS

A gay fashion show? "We keep being asked why we are doing this show,' said Carol Ware, who co-owns with her husband a fur salon which is leased from Bonwit Teller. "We have had many instances where we as Jews have been discriminated against, and it is not very pleasant to be in a group that is discriminated against. We do shows for the black community, Jewish organizations and Catholic organizations, and we feel and hope that we are right in our liberalism." The event was staged at the Bistro Night Club and Discotheque in Chicago and was held as a benefit to raise money to build a "gay men and lesbian women center" in that city. Admission was $2. and about 400 people showed up despite a blinding snowstorm. Ten male models strutted their stuff about the stage and through the audience to throbbing disco music in a variety of short and long fur coats ranging in price from $1500 to $75,000. Irwin Ware said homosexual men account for 25% of the sales of fur coats and that the show was designed to "recognize the gay community as a growing economic force of our time." Just before the show began, the Wares were asked if there was truth to the rumor that the New York headquarters of Bonwit Teller had attempted to stop the show because it did not approve of two female impersonators who were among the models. "I don't know of any opposition," Mr. Ware said. "I got calls from New York all day but simply refused to answer the telephone."

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MINISTERING FACTS

The larger church denominations in this country continue to oppose the ordination of homosexuals even tho they have stated they believe gays should be treated with compassion. Recently, however, a study group of the United Presbyterian Church recommended that the church permit practicing homosexuals to become ministers except where local Presbyterian groups protest. The task force said that Biblical injunctions against homosexuality reflect human opinion "conditioned by time and place" and not God's will. It is expected that the recommendation will be voted down when the church's General Assembly convenes in May as the Evangelical Forum, an influential organization of conservative Presbyterians announced it would actively fight the recommendation.

FRUIT QUEEN

A recent issue of *Playboy* magazine had a couple of zingers directed at Anita Bryant. Under an item entitled "Fruit Queen Rides Again," *Playboy* noted that Bryant had made one of her more profound remarks during an interview on the "Today" program. She said she favored making homosexuality a Federal crime, yet when asked what the scope and penalties of such a law should encompass, she said she lacked the legal knowledge to be more specific. A certain M. Dixon of Los Angeles wrote *Playboy* to ask about the possibility that orange juice rots the brain. Interesting. Then there's the other series of television commercials for the Florida Citrus Commission hyping grapefruit. We had to chuckle at the lyrics for their jingle which advise the consumer to "treat me like a real live fruit." Whatever that means.

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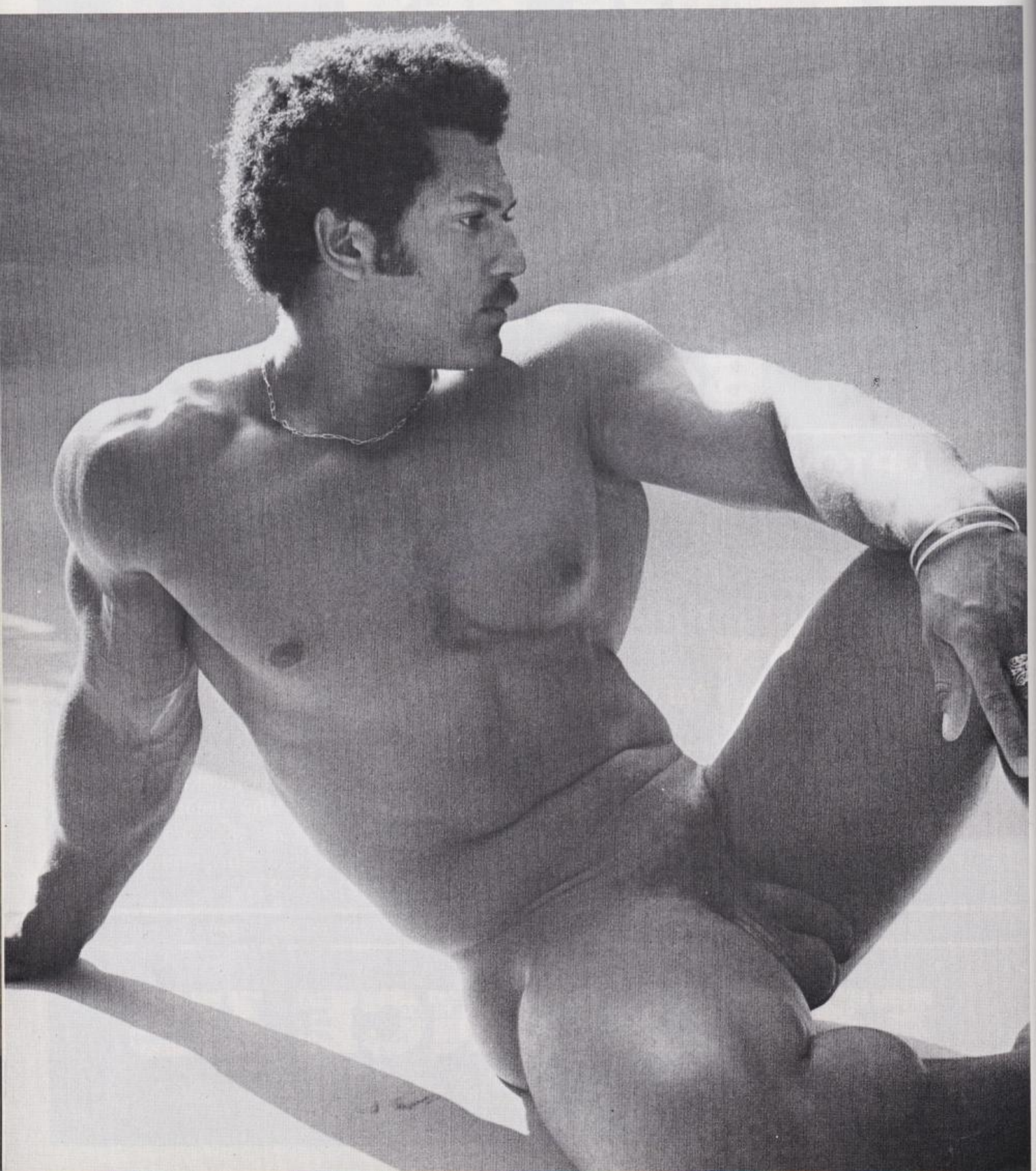
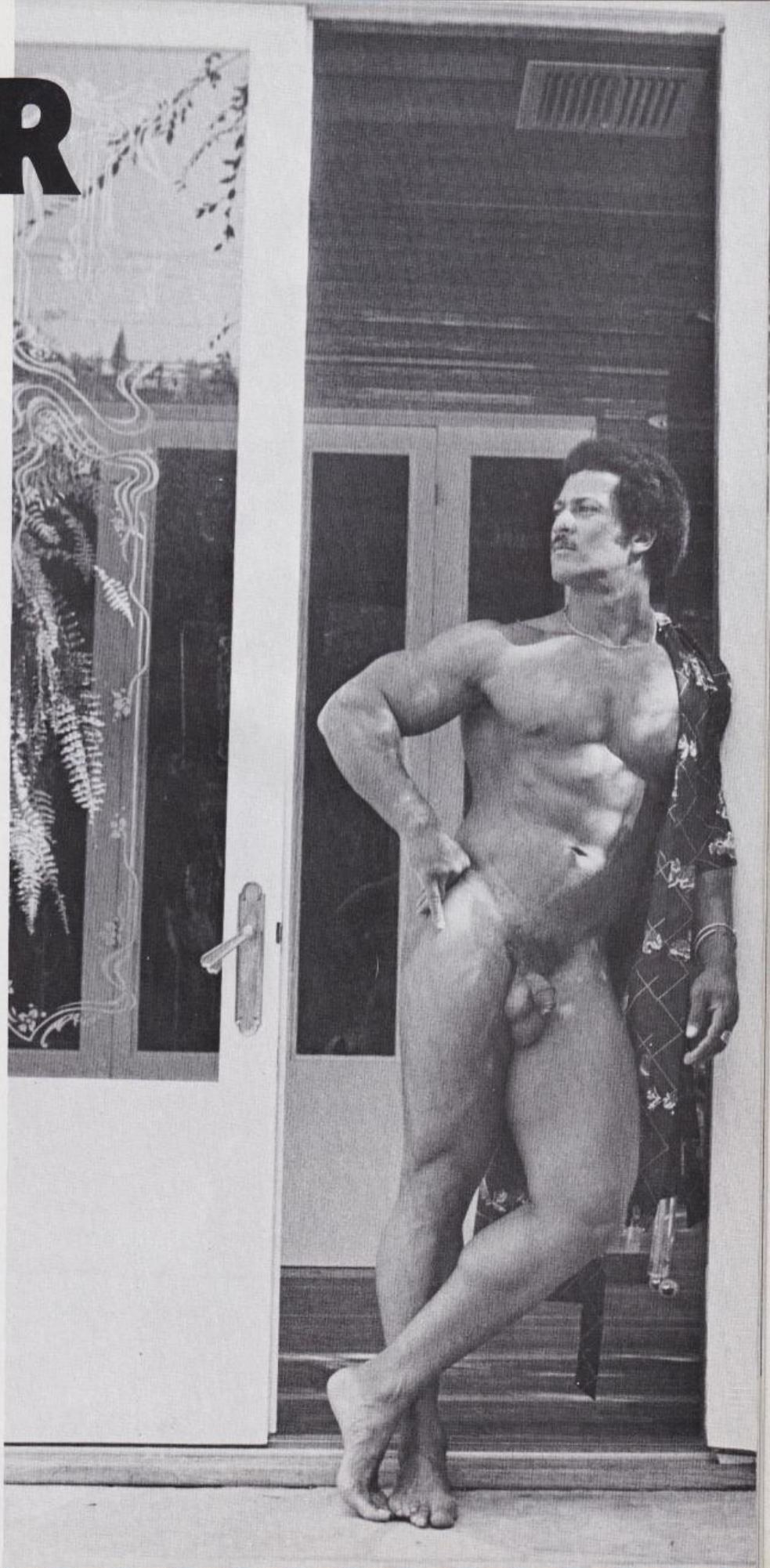


LABOR



There's definitely nothing common about *this* laborer. We're talking about none other than the current Mr. U.S.A., Manuel Perry, a strapping hulk of humanity whose bulging muscles recently earned him that coveted title. Manuel's imposing physique is matched by a planed face almost as sculpted as his body. His mixed Latin background is evidenced by slightly almond eyes and more than a hint of something unmistakably *mancho*. *Honcho* is pleased to have him make his nude debut in the pages of our July issue, in a pictorial filmed exclusively for us by photographer Roy Dean.

Photographs by Roy Dean

MANUEL'S LABOR

Like others with their fierce drive to develop their muscles to the nth degree, Manuel pumps iron in the famed Gold's Gym in Santa Monica, California. The word "limitation" is not in his vocabulary as he stretches his flesh with bold determination to have perfection in his biceps, laterals, pectorals, everywhere. After so many years of sweating toward this goal, it is not surprising that Manuel created his own beautiful, superhuman self, a creature of incredible strength who can walk the competition runway with great pride. It is those like Manuel who perhaps give just a little more, that all-important effort that sets him apart from the rest. That magic missing in others that led him to become Mr. U.S.A., very nearly the top prize of all. When the time comes for Manuel to enter the international sweepstakes, America can rest assured we will be well represented.

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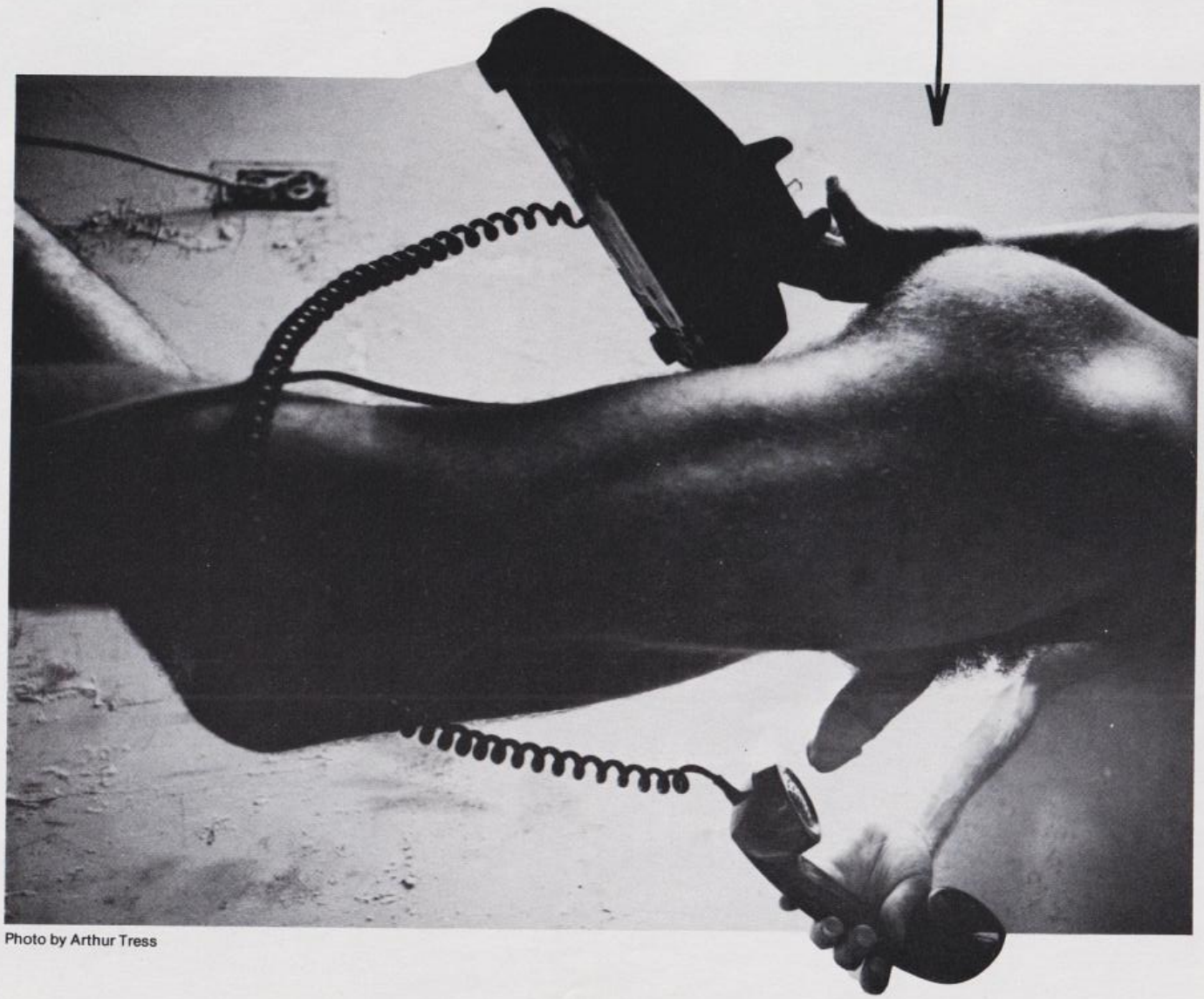

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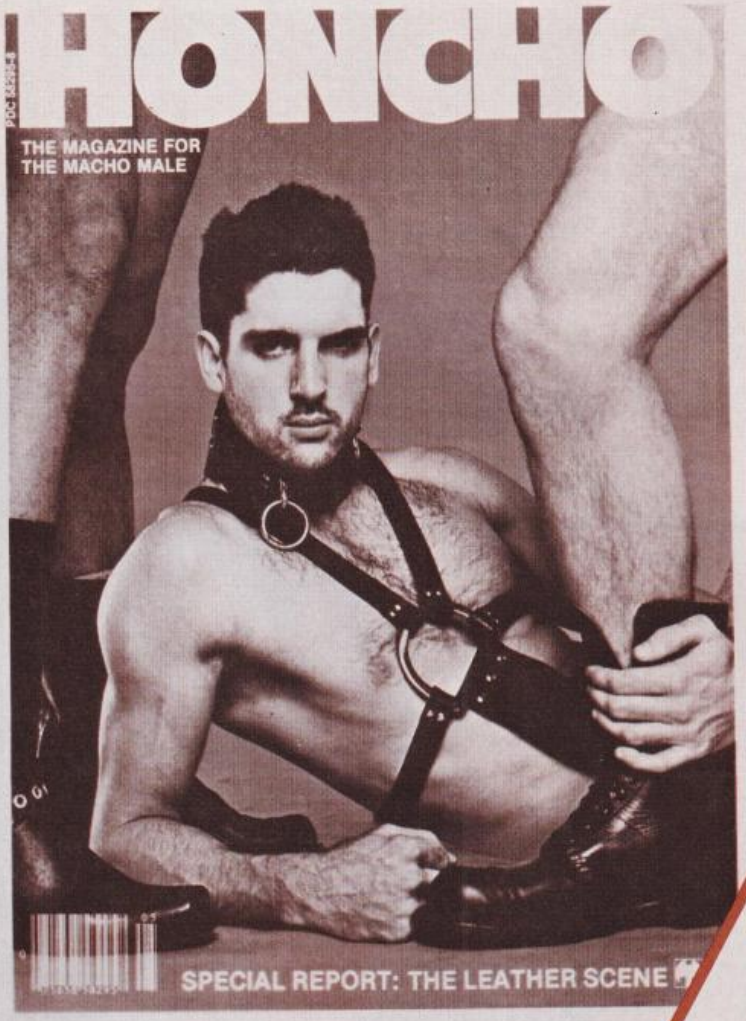

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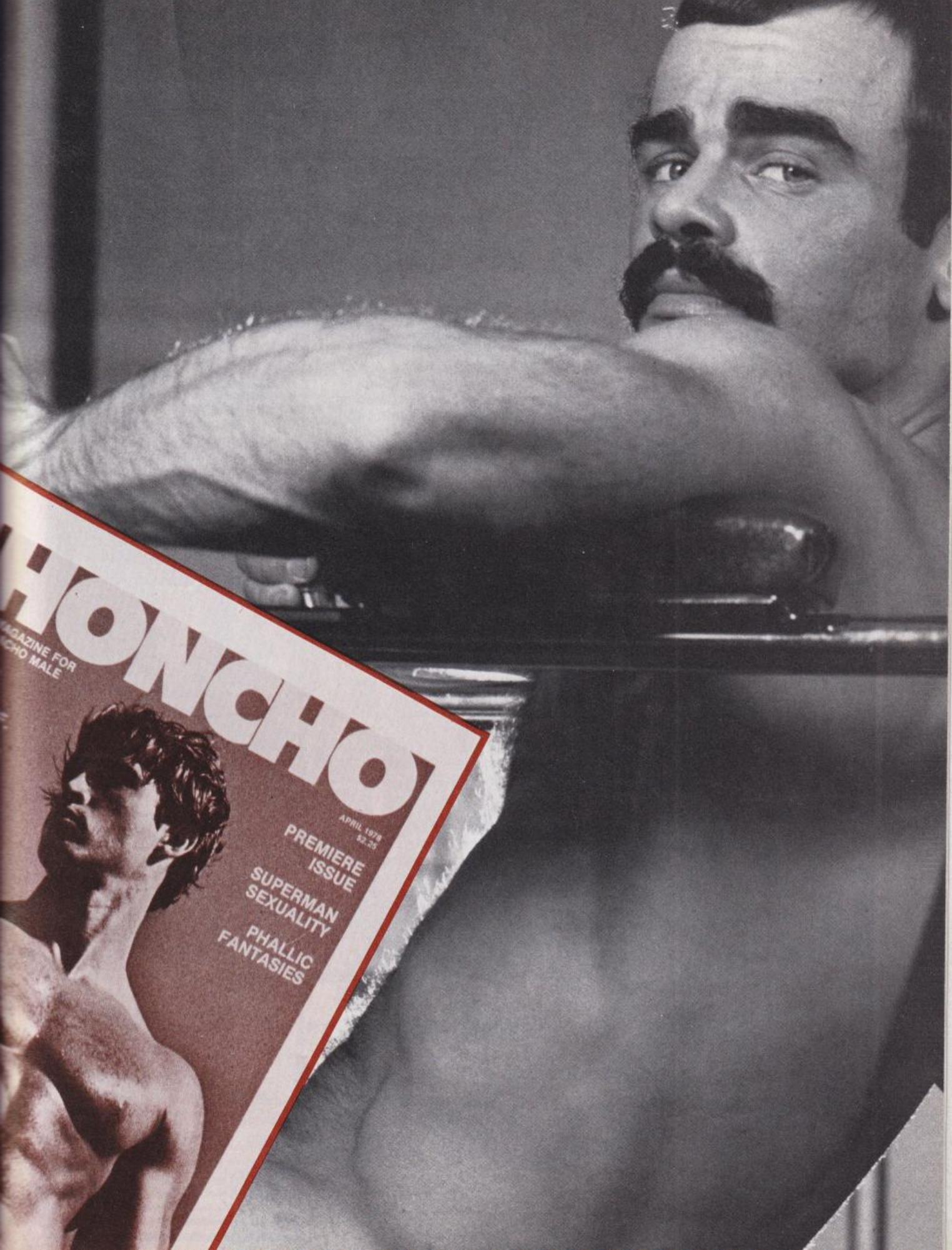
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BOOKS

Continued from page 12

roles are perversely reversed with an eight-year-old boy preying sexually on the aged residents of a retirement home for men.

Perverts is a book that should be read carefully because its writer has skillfully interlaced bountiful truisms and naked facts while using black humor, shock and compassion as viable vehicles. This is not merely a collection of satirical stories courting sensationally with the peculiar pecadilloes of carefully chosen and delineated characters. Rather, it's a meaningful miasma of concupiscent goodies and baddies whose personal stories are endlessly fascinating and entertaining, an eminently readable book in which the perverts may indeed be revolting but never dull.

FICTION

Continued from page 34

helluva lot longer or I'm gonna explode. He shook off his dripping tool, stuffed it back inside his jeans and checked himself out in the bathroom mirror. He ran a hand through his thick brown hair and was pleased with the way it fell boyishly over his forehead. He opened the door and walked back into the front room, his eyes widening at what he saw.

Buck was lying bareassed on top of the pool table, his thick cock hanging over one thigh, his eyes sparkling in invitation. He grinned broadly at Jeff's surprise and revealed a row of even white teeth.

"Welcome to Manny's."

Slowly, Jeff walked over to the table, reaching out to lay a hand on Buck's broad shoulder. Buck reached out and pulled him down until their bodies were crushed together, Buck lunging upward with his stiffening mantool against Jeff's straining crotch, their mouths pressed together as well.

"Let's get you outta those jeans, stud," Buck said. He slid his hand between their bodies and fumbled at Jeff's fly. Once he found it, he slid it expertly open and yanked out Jeff's thickening uncut cock. "Nice," Buck mumbled. "Nice stuff."

Shifting his position and pulling from beneath Jeff's considerable bulk, Buck slipped to the floor and pushed his buddy back on the pool table. Jeff sprawled easily, his heavy thighs spread wide, his now-hard rod

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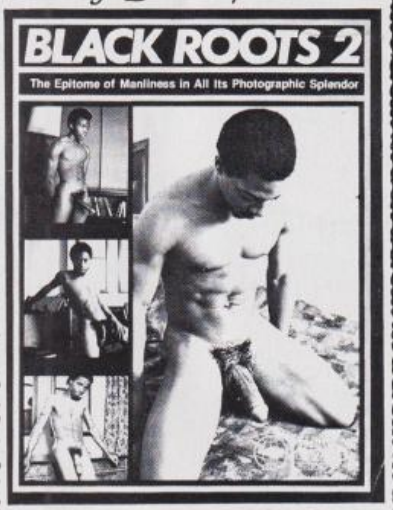

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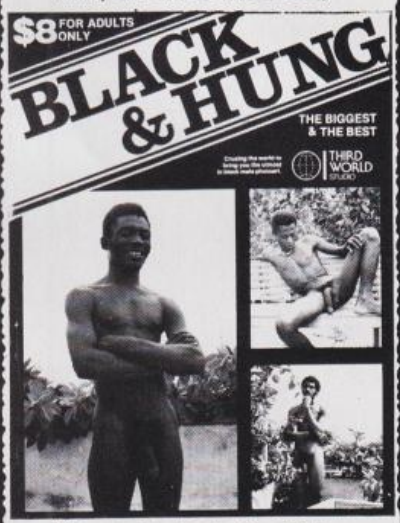

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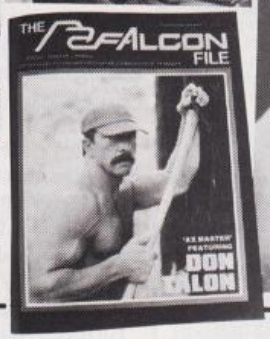

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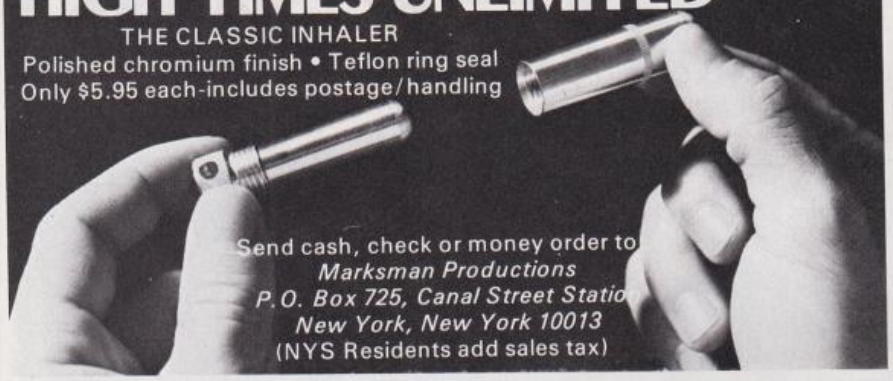

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reaching for the ceiling. Buck leaned down to put his face at Jeff's crotch, inhaling a faint smell of piss and the odor of sweat as he began tonguing in the nest of dark pubic hairs. His mouth discovered Jeff's big balls and he swallowed first one, then the other, then both between his slippery hot lips.

Jeff moaned loudly as the guy began giving him a really professional blow job. Buck's tongue slid between the foreskin and the broad cockshaft, shoving aside that loose flesh and plunging into the dickslit. Jeff felt himself begin to ooze precum fluid and Buck eagerly licked out the sticky juices.

"Good," he mumbled again and again. "Damned good."

"You're driving me crazy, man," Jeff said. "I'm about to shoot my load."

"Not yet, stud," Buck insisted, raising his face from Jeff's smelling groin. "You gotta work over my ass first."

Buck crawled on top of the pool table, spreading his legs wide, kicking the game balls across the green felt covering. Between Buck's thighs, Jeff saw a puckered brown asshole with a light covering of hairs. Pushing those tempting buttocks even further apart, Jeff buried his face against the sticky rosebud and thrust his tongue deep inside. The sensation was driving Buck wild. He shoved back with his ass, reaching behind him to pull his cheeks more open and give Jeff better access to his fuckhole.

"Get it, baby!" he cried. "Get that asshole hot wet. Get it ready for that fat cock of yours! Hurry!!"

Jeff bent eagerly to his task, sucking the juices out of Buck's twitching ass hole, jerking his cock all the while, driving himself feverishly toward explosion. Buck reached into a side pocket of the table and pulled out an inhaler, taking a quick sniff of the amyl nitrtie before passing the popper to Jeff. Instantly, the two of them wer flying high, faces flushed, bodies hot and sweaty as Jeff pumped his aching meat with his hand and rimmed Buck furiously.

"Give it to me, Jeff! Now!"

Buck's asshole was burning to get plugged. His big cock was crushed between his belly and the top of the table, his legs thrashing crazily as he waited breathlessly for something to be shoved deep inside him. Jeff flipped him over on his back, standing up quickly on the table, and jerking Buck's legs apart. Putting Buck's

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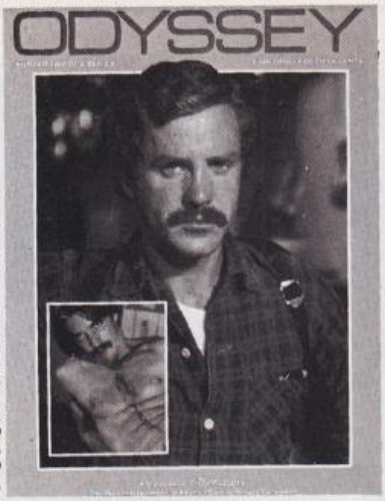

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ankles over the shoulders of his leather jacket, he pushed his cock down away from his groin and put the dickhead against Buck's gooey hole. Then pulling the other man up high, he drove all the way home, jamming his burning manshaft in to the hilt. His low-hanging balls which were now beginning to draw up against his body slapped loudly against Buck's ass as he began to fuck furiously.

Buck took another hit on the popper and felt that his head would explode as his hungry body was crammed with the pounding prick of a hot stud who knew damned good how to use his tool. The two were driving hard against each other, Buck reaching up to grasp his own stiff flesh and jerk it wildly.

"Let me have it, man!" he cried at Jeff. "Let me have that cocksman's big load."

"You got it, stud!" Jeff roared, unleashing his thick flow of gism up the guy's butt. The downward angle of his cock was making him half-crazy as Buck's skilled sphincter gripped hard against the slamming cock, squezzing it and sucking out the stream of hot cum.

"Take it!" Jeff roared, feeling a fourth, fifth and sixth spurt flying from his body until the jets of sperm died away and he felt his legs began to shake. The weight of Buck which he was supporting and the draining of strength that follows orgasm were getting to him, and he lowered his new friend's body to the table, his sticky prick popping noisily from Buck's asshole.

"Oh, God!" Buck moaned as he felt the manmeat slip from him. He turned over on his side and grabbed the popper again. Jeff looked down and saw that there were no droplets of white cum on Buck's belly or chest. The man hadn't shot yet. Buck was flailing crazily atop the pool table, pumping on his stiff dick and mumbling loudly.

"Gotta have it up my ass! Gotta have it up my ass!" he cried.

"Uh, you're gonna have to wait a few minutes," Jeff said, puzzled. He gave his limp cock a jerk and knew it would take him a while to get it up again.

"Gotta have it, man!" Buck screamed. The yell was so loud Jeff wondered if they might be heard on the street outside.

"But..." Jeff began.

"Hell, man!" Buck shouted, taking another sniff of the amyl. "Use the goddamned pool stick! Hurry."

Surprised by the guy's suggestion, Jeff nonetheless grabbed the long stick and placed the thicker end of it against Buck's asshole. He didn't bother to lubricate it since Buck's opening was dripping with Jeff's heavy load.

"Come on, man! Shove it in! I can handle it. I gotta have it!!"

Jeff watched with amazement as the long stick slid easily into Buck's bunghole. He was even more astounded when Buck snatched the cue stick from him and rammed it halfway in. Jeff idly thought there must be fully two feet of wood jammed into the man's hole! He stepped back and watched the strange scenario. With one hand, Buck was furiously beating his meat. With the other, he was shoving the stick in and out of his own love-chute. It was one of the wildest things Jeff had even seen, and he found he once again had a raging hard-on.

Buck noticed the erection about the same time. "Take another hit on the popper and shoot that hot gism on my chest. Hurry, dammit! Hurry!!"

It was too fucking much, Jeff thought, watching the humpy, hairy stud fucking himself on a pool talbe with a damned cue stick. The sight drove him wild and he began spewing ropes of gooey manjuice all over Buck's writhing body. It was soon mixed with Buck's big load, the pool stick constantly ramming in and out of his asshole.

Completely spent with his second climax, Jeff lowered his feet to the floor and leaned tiredly against the table. He reached out and pulled the cue stick out of Buck's ass. The guy made the same cry as he had earlier when Jeff took his cock out of the delicious asshole.

"Jesus!" Buck said finally. "You are something else, baby. Something *else!*" He pulled himself into a sitting position and looked down at his cock which was draining cum onto the green tabletop.

"You're not bad yourself," Jeff said with a smile. It was true. It had been a helluva long time since he had encountered a stud this hot, a guy so crazy about getting fucked. And with a cue stick no less.

Buck reached out and groped Jeff's half-hard prick. "Well, like I said before, 'Welcome to Manny's.' I hope you'll come again."

Jeff laughed and gave his buddy another slap on the ass. "Sure. Just give me a few minutes."

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